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WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT SIXPENCE. By Post, 6½d.



1. Explosion of 1200 lb. of gunpowder in the Khundalani Gorge.

2. A rest by the way.

3. Cooking the evening meal.

4. Kirta, the second post on the Bolan Road.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY QUESTION: THE ROAD THROUGH THE BOLAN PASS.

OUR NOTEBOOK

Amidst the hubbub of political controversy which is likely to fill the country through the autumn months, many rash words will, no doubt, be uttered and many untrue things said. Already there are indications that zeal will sometimes get the better of discretion, and that Radical and Tory alike will be prone to utter words that are not exactly Parliamentary. A want of courtesy to opponents, a want of truthfulness in statement, are, perhaps, more conspicuous nowadays than in less eager times. To politicians in danger of falling into these errors we commend a story, told with a very different purpose, in a recent volume of sermons. A man, who had the bad habit of dragging his old father about the garden by the hair of his head, was treated in the same way by his son when he grew old; and as he dragged him to the gate, and was about to throw him out in the road, "Oh, Jack," cried the man, "have pity on me; I never used to drag my father further than the gate!" If it be true that manners make the man, it may be reasonably supposed that they also make the politician; and, it is to be hoped, that in attacking an opponent, his rival will be polite enough not to drag him further than the gate.

Civilisation has its drawbacks. The excitement and competition which keep society going are not favourable to sanity, and it is stated on the best authority that madness, one of the greatest of evils, is steadily increasing. According to the latest report of the Lunacy Commissioners, there are now nearly 80,000 persons of unsound mind in England—think what a scene it would be if they could be all collected together!—and the increase during the past year is 1176. Recent events have led to the conviction that the lunacy laws are far from satisfactory; and no doubt more might be done than has been done to prevent the possibility of sane persons being confined in asylums. But the remedy is by no means obvious, and the proposition that persons supposed to be insane should be brought before a magistrate would defeat its own purpose. Relatives are naturally sensitive, and any case of madness in a family is kept as secret as possible. If it was imperative to make the fact public before applying a remedy, there would be delay and concealment, and the afflicted person, whose illness would probably admit of cure in its earliest stage, might become a confirmed lunatic. It may be said that friends who act in this way are both foolish and wrong. No doubt they are; but we must take human nature as we find it.

We are glad to see that a report is to be made upon the condition of the blind in the United Kingdom. This will include the education they receive, the employments suitable for them, and the institutions established for their benefit, at home and abroad. Blindness and shortness of sight are said to be on the increase in this country; and, if this be true, no doubt the causes will be investigated. Spectacles, judiciously worn, preserve the sight; and it is, perhaps, the knowledge of this fact, quite as much as any additional strain on the eyes in recent days, that makes the use of them so common. At the same time, the tax upon the eyes is severe in this age of hurry and excitement. Gaslight is a trial to them; so is railway travelling; so is the small print of cheap books and newspapers; so, above all, is the habit of reading in underground trains when the light is fitful and the atmosphere close. No one has written of the loss of sight so pathetically as Milton; but it helped to make him immortal. Great as the affliction is, it sometimes calls forth all a man's powers. A successful surveyor was blind; so also was a well-known traveller; and we have had a noble proof lately that blindness is not incompatible with statesmanship. The late Dr. Kitto thought that deafness was a greater affliction than blindness. No doubt Beethoven, who could not hear the music he created, would have thought so too.

Great excitement has been occasioned in feline circles by the ill-advised language of a member of Parliament, who actually declared that the dignified personages engaged in a recent delicate investigation were not fit to try a cat. As if any amount of acumen could be superfluous on so solemn an occasion! especially since Pussy can never be tried by her peers. It is astonishing that the Irish members should have been dumb. If they are worth their salt to their country, they must be versed in the Brehon law, so superior to the codeless chaos of English jurisprudence. In an ancient Irish law-book published by a commission at the public expense, and presumably of value, minute rules are laid down for the prosecution and punishment of cats guilty of offences against property. The substantial principle of jurisprudence enforced is, that if the cat stole for stealing's sake he shall die the death, but shall only be liable to a fine if he helped himself "in the excitement of mousing." Admirable precepts are also imparted for taking cats in execution. A rod or wand is to be laid across the trough in which the animal has its food, after which it cannot legally eat or drink until its master has satisfied the claim against him. It is, we suppose, a proof of the civilised habits of the ancient Irish that the possibility of a cat dining upon the floor does not seem to have been contemplated by the legislature.

The worthy preacher who called upon his hearers to admire the goodness of Providence in causing rivers to flow near large cities might in these days have some reason to modify his gratitude. With the single exception, perhaps, of Vienna, no capital seems to have solved the great difficulty of how to get rid of its sewage without utterly destroying its river. At Berlin the condition of the Spree suggests that the inhabitants of the "future capital of the world" have given up the puzzle in despair. At Amsterdam the evidence of one's senses is sufficient to enable us

to draw our own conclusions. At Brussels the Senne for many years was a standing reproach to an enlightened community; but, thanks to the persistent efforts of the late Burgomaster, it now shows symptoms of permanent cure. At Paris, after sixteen years of persistent experiments, a solution of the sewage difficulty seems to have been reached, which, although it may involve the immediate expenditure of some millions of francs, will, it is hoped, prove ultimately remunerative.

Few travellers who in travelling south have traversed the rich and prosperous market-gardens which cover the plain of Gennevilliers could have guessed that these owed their fertility to the Paris sewage. So far as the nose can decide, this suburb is far less odorous than that of St. Denis on the north. From a small beginning made in 1869 the present area-irrigated by Paris sewage exceeds 1200 acres, on which 800 cows, furnishing Paris with a large proportion of its milk, are fed; whilst on every acre 50 tons of beetroot, 20,000 cabbages and cauliflowers, 30,000 artichokes, besides innumerable other vegetables, are annually grown. Besides these very tangible results, most of which may be tested in the various markets where Parisians supply themselves, there has been a steady decline in the complaints from the dwellers on the banks of the Lower Seine. Fifteen years ago, from as far down as Mantes la jolie, there came a general outcry of how the Seine, poisoned in its passage through Paris, spread disease and desolation along its course; but in proportion as the Gennevilliers experiment has been extended, the area of complaint has diminished. There is surely in this solution of a difficult problem something which deserves the attention of our sanitary authorities, of our Metropolitan Board of Works, and of the dwellers on the banks of the Thames between Richmond and Gravesend.

Tourists in Scotland are saddening the holiday season by touching complaints of how they are forced to breakfast in battalions, to lunch in line, and to drive in regiments, or else to go without food. The same hardships exist in most Continental resorts, and are borne without a murmur. It seems, too, somewhat hard upon the Scotch hotel-keepers, who have done their utmost to imitate foreign examples, that they should now be reproached with too close a copy of what used to be held up as the model system. From Berwick-on-Tweed to Dunrobin, and perhaps further north still, the country is dotted with palatial buildings, wherein the wandering crowds are nightly housed and fed. Scotch prudence may in the management of these caravanserais replace Swiss experience—and occasionally Highlanders may take the parts played elsewhere by Germans—but in both the instincts of military mechanism seem to be hereditary. They get through their work with clock-like regularity, if they are allowed to proceed in their own groove; but seem incapable of understanding or unable to execute orders outside the narrow line of their duties. The truth is, that so long as people like to go in crowds and pursue their pleasures in flocks, they must submit to the inconveniences arising from the quasi-military discipline without which no commissariat system can be worked.

Mr. Boydell's attempt to reach London at public expense was scarcely so successful as that of the famous Rabelais, who, finding the journey from Montpellier to Paris beyond his means, hit upon a more successful mode than a threatening letter addressed to the First Minister. Knowing that his landlady was possessed of prying eyes and a ready tongue, the French wit, who had not then become famous, deposited in various places little packets on which were inscribed "Poison for the King," "Poison for the Dauphin," "Poison for the Lieutenant-Général." A very few days elapsed before the local police were informed of the dangerous character who was concealed under the seminarist's garb, and Rabelais, by order of the Governor of the province, was speedily transferred to Paris, to be dealt with as an arch-conspirator. When, however, the powders came to be examined, they were found to consist of brick-dust; and the Paris Court was only too ready to hush up a case in which the laugh would have been against their over-zealous brother officials. Rabelais, moreover, besides being, perhaps, the originator of the idea, had an excuse which Mr. Boydell could not allege, for had the latter been as destitute as he pretended at his trial, his Consul would have forwarded him to London as a distressed British subject.

That women have no conscience and no digestion (the former deficiency being a natural consequence of the latter) is an opinion which, erroneous as it undoubtedly is, has not been entertained altogether without grounds. The want of conscience with which women, especially when accompanied by children, will occupy the whole pavement, walking "all of a row," or complacently block up a gangway, has long been noticed; and so has the apparent absence of digestive organs whereby women, with impunity it would seem, can regale themselves with a huge wedge of wedding or similar cake and a glass of sherry just before going to bed, and will nevertheless "come up smiling," as if nothing had happened, the next morning. Why, a man who should take such a "night-cap" would dream of horrors too awful for revelation, and would be like that English Monarch of whom it is recorded in history that "he never smiled again."

As regards the "higher education of women," they are not to be heard who assert that, as yet, it has gone but little further than the higher heels for the boots and a larger supply of book-muslin. Anybody with eyes to see must surely have observed the geographical umbrella with which the girl of the period takes her walks abroad; the umbrella with a handle terminating in a ball, which is parti-coloured, partitioned, and lettered so as to represent the terrestrial globe and the various divisions of it. She who carries it, however, does not appear to study it herself so much as to employ it for the edification of the unenlightened Philistine, who wonders what on earth it is, and is held thereby under a species of fascination.

Mrs. Robert Ingram, of Birmingham, is what Americans call "real grit," and by one bold, determined, manly act has done more to show how well her sex deserve "equal rights" than any number of lecturers and lectresses, whether clad in the "divided skirt" or not, can ever hope to do. She, being left a widow, applied at the office of a well-named "assurance" society for moneys due to her at the death of her husband (who had punctually paid his threepence a week for many years), but was coolly told that there was "no money"; and, we read, that "it was only by jumping over the counter and seizing the clerks that she was able to get back her late husband's policy and the cards of payment." This was her "special act of bravery," and she deserves some sort of "cross" or medal for it. No wonder some of the clerks fled and the rest surrendered at discretion. It is not stated how the gallant widow was attired; but, to jump a counter, the "divided skirt" would certainly be more convenient than the more old-fashioned "arrangement in flannel, &c.," and, if the gallant widow had the latter on at the time, her deed was the more heroic.

When conjurors fall out, neither honest nor dishonest men seem to come by their own; for Mr. Mansfield, the magistrate, the other day had to dismiss a case in which "the parties, who were connected in the conjuring business," quarrelled about a black dog that loved a yellow dog, about a silver collar that was worn by the latter, and about fourteen pounds ten shillings, which represented in money the value which one of the "parties" set upon the yellow friend of man. It appears to be about a thousand pounds to one penny that more will be heard about that yellow dog; but if gentlemen who can extract guinea-pigs out of empty hats cannot conjure their own dogs out of inhabited houses, their art will decline in public estimation. To extract fourteen pounds ten shillings from a conjuror or from anybody else is a different thing altogether; that belongs rather to the domain of alchemy than of conjuring.

Brighton and Lewes were the haunts of horse-racing last week; but both places have lost prestige, and something more, since the palmy days described by Mr. Raikes in his "Diary," when the race-course on the Downs at Brighton was alive with "tandems, beautiful women, and light hussars." The measure of the decline, during the last few years, is easily taken from observation of the Brighton Cup, which, having been won, when it was a race over the usual "Cup" distance, by a Tournament, a Caller On, a Dollar, a Favonius, a Marie Stuart, an Isonomy, has degenerated to a one-mile handicap, won this year by so moderate a horse as the "aged" Brag. The Northerners had their horse-racing at Pontefract, sacred to the memory of the ex-prize-fighter, ex-publican, ex-bookmaker, Mr. Gully, who owned so many good horses in his day, from Mameluke (whom he purchased from Lord Jersey for 4000 guineas) to the illustrious Mendicant (whom he acquired in her earliest fillyhood, and sold at four years of age for a like 4000 guineas to Sir Joseph Hawley), and who was so exactly "the man for Pontefract" that the electors chose him to represent them in Parliament. This week Kempton Park in the South and Redcar in the North have just kept things moving, and that is all.

The schoolmaster has now been abroad for some time, the School Board has been spending (on credit) freely, and the boys are naturally getting on. "A boy named Waterfield," for instance, at Sheffield, was charged with burglary the other day, and ingeniously confessed that he did do a little in that line, having got into the house and eke the bed-room of a pork-butcher and his wife, whilst they slept, and, having taken a bunch of keys, unlocked a safe, and abstracted three bags of gold and silver, which moneys he generously squandered upon himself and a few trusty comrades, chiefly "in the purchase," says the authority (meaning, perhaps, the "hire"), of "ponies and traps." Whether "ponies and traps" are necessities for an "infant" in Waterfield's station of life is a question not likely to arise; but there can be no doubt that his manner of supplying his needs or desires did him great credit as a successor of the celebrated "Jack Sheppard," whose life and example he may possibly have studied.

"Caller On" is once more the cry; not on the race-course any longer, but chiefly in the newspapers, which contain discussions about the proper time at which to eat Whitstable "natives," or paltry "seconds," or "skinny Frenchmen." Of course, there arises a dispute about the correct form of an old applicable rhyme (just as always about every old saying, whether in rhyme or not). One day we are told that the couplet should be:—

Oysters, you'll find, are best by far
In every month which ends with an r

Next day this is pooh-poohed, and we are to read, instead:

Oysters, you'll find, are best by far
In every month which contains an r.

Spiritualists might be kind enough to consult Dando, who would, no doubt, have the true version at his fingers' ends, so as to rap it out on the instant.

The ingenious calculator who has reckoned that each of us, having necessarily had two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, and so on, must be descended from some 16,000,000 ancestors, who were living eight centuries ago, might mislead such simple persons as our old friend "Scholasticos," who would argue that there must therefore have been more ancestors than there are descendants; which is plainly (as things are at present) absurd. Look at the calculation the other way, and, taking the average number of the family produced by any two parents, we shall, "by actual division," as the supercilious mathematicians say, arrive at conclusions which may perhaps be more favourable to the old orthodox ideas derived from Genesis than to the modern theories concerning the prodigious antiquity of man—unless, indeed, his descent be carried back to the simian and pre-simian ages.

"Mum's the word," sometimes: but this week the word is "Grouse"; or perhaps the words are "Grouse and Mumm."

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The three most conspicuous personages of the Parliament which practically expires with the prorogation at the close of the present week have been, in the Lower House, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Parnell, and Lord Randolph Churchill. Their individualities have been the strongest. Members present at the birth of what may be designated the Midlothian Parliament in the spring of 1880, and in at the death in mid-August, 1885, must admit that the venerable ex-Premier and the irrepressible leaders of the Irish Home-Rule Party and "Fourth Party" have stamped their personalities indelibly on the history of the House for the past five years. Although Lord Randolph Churchill is now in office, and Mr. Gladstone is out, Mr. Parnell may be said to hold the most commanding position at the present moment. Both the great Parties in the State will have to reckon with Mr. Parnell at the General Election. Apropos of the conciliatory attitude taken up, by-the-way, by the Conservative Government towards Mr. Parnell, a lively correspondence has been elicited by Sir Frederick Milner, who has drawn from the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord St. Oswald, and Mr. Parnell himself, denials of the soft impeachment brought against them by Mr. Herbert Gladstone, that a compact had been drawn up between the Conservative chiefs and the Home-Rule leader. Not by any means convinced against his will, Mr. H. Gladstone remained of the same opinion still, and replied that there was a tacit understanding between the high contracting parties.

Quite characteristic was it of Lord Randolph Churchill that he should invest his exposition of the Indian Budget on Thursday, the 6th inst., with vivacity, and spice it with personalities. True, the Secretary for India marshalled his formidable array of figures with vigour and clearness. He said there was a deficit on last year's Budget of £710,000. With regard to the current year, the normal expenditure stood at £71,582,000, and the revenue at £72,090,000, which would have given a surplus of £580,000; but, as the dispute on the Afghan frontier necessitated larger military expenditure, there would be, in all, some three millions unprovided for by the original estimates. To meet this deficit the Indian Government purposed to increase the loan for irrigation and railways to £3,500,000. These figures disposed of, Lord Randolph Churchill dropped into his native element, and in the liveliest fashion inveighed against the Marquis of Ripon's vice-regal administration, which he condemned root and branch, and attributed to the fact that he had been "lulled into the languor of the land of the lotus." Perhaps, if Lord Ripon had taken a Cook's tourist ticket to India and back, his rule might have been more enlightened, in the opinion of his callow critic. Be that as it may, the Marquis of Ripon was ably defended by the Marquis of Hartington and Mr. J. K. Cross; but Mr. Buchanan had to be called to order for some words he applied to the noble Lord the Secretary for India. In reply, Lord Randolph Churchill was thankful the present Ministry were not responsible for the heavy deficit India had to bear. This self-plumming was hardly judicious, remembering how considerable was the deficit left as a legacy by the last Conservative Administration to their successors.

The Government had not the satisfaction of coming off with flying colours in the matter of the Royal Commission on the Depression of Trade. The Opposition, if the expression is permissible, smelt a rat. It was thought possible the Commissioners might be bewitched by the song of "Oh! Fair Trade! Oh! Fond Trade!" Hence the Earl of Idlesleigh had on Monday, in the House of Lords, to make the discouraging confession that Mr. Goschen, Mr. J. K. Cross, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, Mr. Forster, Mr. Slagg, Mr. Hibbert, Mr. Courtney, and Sir Hussey Vivian were among those he could not prevail upon to sit upon the Royal Commission. On the other hand, such high authorities as Sir James Alport, Mr. Lionel Cohen, Mr. Corry, Mr. Aird, Mr. C. Palmer, and others of "light and leading" in the world of commerce had accepted the invitations; and the noble Earl was hopeful of a good result, after all. Earl Granville threw cold water on the Commission, and, as the Marquis of Salisbury pungently phrased it, sought to "boycott it." But the Commission will sit, nevertheless. May Trade be the better for the Royal Commission!

The most welcome and hopeful feature of the closing days of Parliament has been the steady legislative progress made whenever the co-operation of the Government and the Opposition has been secured. Thus, the Criminal Law Amendment Bill for the Protection of Girls, difficult though some of the social problems suggested by the complicated measure were, passed through the Commons at the end of last week; and on Monday the amendments introduced in the Lower House were sanctioned by the Peers. With similarly commendable dispatch has the Bill to Improve the Dwellings of the Poor been considered in both Chambers. This benevolent Ministerial measure, brought in by the Prime Minister himself, was last Monday read the second time in the House of Commons, on the motion of Sir Richard Cross, the Home Secretary; Mr. L. Stanley's harsh amendment against the principle of a national subsidy in support of the objects of this bill being opposed by none more strongly than by Sir Charles Dilke, who presided, it will be remembered, over the Royal Commission that inquired into the scandalously and perilously bad housing of the poor. Both this bill and the Irish Land Purchase Bill subsequently passed through all their stages. When it is added that, in addition to the measures just mentioned, so important a bill as that which will give Manchester her long-wished-for Ship Canal from the Mersey has also been passed into law during the last fortnight of the Session, it will be agreed that the hopeful tone of the Queen's Speech has been to some extent justifiable.

There remained for the Ministerial and Opposition leaders to pay homage to Lord Wolseley (now a Viscount) and his gallant officers and men for the courage and ability shown in the Soudan Expedition; and to offer mourning tribute to the memory of General Gordon, General Earle, and General Sir Herbert Stewart. This congenial ceremony performed on Wednesday in both Houses, there was little more to do than read her Majesty's Speech virtually closing Parliament.

Members of all Parties have cordially united in offering their best wishes to their highly esteemed friend, Captain Sir Ralph Gosset, who retires from the well-worn arm-chair of the Serjeant-at-Arms amid a general chorus of hearty farewells. Son of the late Sir William Gosset, an honoured predecessor in the office of Serjeant-at-Arms, Captain Gosset was in the prime of manhood when he entered into the service of the House as Deputy Serjeant. Since the time he succeeded to that dignified post, Captain Gosset has had a rich Parliamentary experience. It is greatly to his credit that the urbanity and ever-ready courtesy that distinguished his conduct in the chair during the smooth-water times of the premierships of Lord Palmerston, Earl Russell, Mr. Disraeli, and during Mr. Gladstone's first term of office as Prime Minister, never failed Captain Gosset in any of the stormy scenes enacted during the last Parliament. No member who witnessed the rare combination of firmness and coolness Captain Gosset showed when duty called upon him to

conduct Mr. Bradlaugh to the bar, and to pilot Mr. Parnell, and over thirty of his colleagues, out of the House, could help admiring the unflinching tact and good temper of the venerable Serjeant-at-Arms. It may be that the personal geniality and creature comforts said to have been forthcoming to privileged visitors in Captain Gosset's sanctum sanctorum had something to do with the readiness with which his every mandate was obeyed. None the less is warm praise his due for doing his ministering so gently. I have previously mentioned how well Captain Gosset deserved the formal yet hearty thanks of the House, as conveyed in graceful terms by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Parnell, when the Serjeant-at-Arms felt called upon to resign through illness. His place was then taken for a time by his zealous successor, Mr. Erskine. On the reappearance of Captain Gosset in the House, on the 6th inst., he received the congratulations of hon. members on his convalescence; and it may be stated that present and past members are about to present him with a substantial token of their friendship. Finally, her Majesty having bestowed upon the Serjeant-at-Arms the crowning honour of a K.C.B., he retires as Sir Ralph Gosset—to enjoy the rest he has so well earned.

THE HUMANENESS OF LITERATURE.

It is a noteworthy fact that our poets and imaginative writers have been almost invariably distinguished by a spirit of humanity. They have felt a pity for the meanest thing that breathes, and denounced cruelty in every form. We must not go far back for proofs of this assertion, since our illustrations would be then too numerous; but we will choose the last century for our starting-point. That age was not at all remarkable for gentleness. Its laws were cruel, its sports were cruel, the habits of the people were coarse, and the literature of the time was marked by the same defect. The so-called justice frequently dealt out in the days of Sir Robert Walpole would nowadays raise all England in revolt. Women, for certain offences, were publicly burnt; prisoners who refused to plead on a public charge were slowly pressed to death; the gallows had its victims swinging in every town; and, even in the second half of the century, 160 offences were in England punishable with death. "In no respect," says Mr. Lecky, "does the legislation of this period present a more striking contrast to that of the nineteenth century than in the almost complete absence of attempts to alleviate the social condition of the poorer classes or to soften the more repulsive features of English life."

But if law was in favour of extreme severity, literature was in favour of forbearance. Our men of letters believed in other methods of lessening crime than by hanging men, women, and children upon gallows; and they believed, too, in the claims of our "fellow-mortals" the brute creation.

The essayists and journalists were indeed keenly alive to the social evils which, by influencing public opinion, they helped at length to remove. Defoe had faults, more venial perhaps in his day than they seem to be in ours; but he was thoroughly in earnest in advocating prison reform and a better treatment of the insane, in demanding freedom of the press, in pointing out the evils of the slave trade, and in denouncing the horrible crime of wrecking. Steele, the father of the English essay, used his vast power in a similar direction. If he and his friend Addison influenced society indirectly, their success was greater than that achieved by statesmen or professional moralists. Their humour and pathos touched all hearts. In satirising vice they made it detestable, and their tenderness and purity stole insensibly into the hearts of their readers. Human nature came out of their hands with new features of interest. They made their countless admirers laugh, but they also made them sympathetic; they promoted gentleness and charity by a delightful humour unlike any the world had seen since the days of Shakspeare. For the most part, no doubt, they attacked the follies rather than the graver evils of society; but often incidentally and sometimes directly, serious topics are discussed in these breakfast-table essays. In an age when readiness to fight a duel was the sign of a fine gentleman, duelling was denounced in the *Tatler* and *Spectator* as ridiculous and wicked; in an age of brutal amusements Steele lifted up his voice against them, and while by no means always temperate himself, in precept at least, he was strongly on the side of moderation. Drunkenness he declared to be the national vice, and "the contention seems to be who shall be most eminent in performances wherein beasts enjoy greater abilities than we have. I will undertake, were the butler and swineherd at any true esquire's in Great Britain to keep and compare accounts of what wash is drank up in so many hours in the parlour and pig-stye, it would appear the gentleman of the house gives much more to his friends than to his hogs."

Another conspicuous vice of the time was gambling. It was encouraged by the public lotteries, and in favour with rich and poor. Estates were lost and won in a single game, and in the green-rooms of the theatres thousands are said to have changed hands in a single night; public buildings were raised by the help of lotteries, and women as well as men were infected by the taste for gambling. Addison once gained £1000 in a lottery, but, with his usual wisdom, he shows the folly of "gaming." Fielding, too, a man by no means conspicuous for moderation in any form, saw the evils produced by lotteries, and wrote a satire against them.

Poets have invariably been in favour of pity to the animal creation, and in the last century they were often in advance of their age—perhaps also of ours. In Thomson, at one time the most popular of poets, it has been observed that we meet sometimes with a note of insincerity, as when he asks the sheep and cattle what they have done to deserve death; but he is full of sympathy with all needless suffering, and as much opposed to the sports of the field as Professor Freeman. "The better sort here," writes Goldsmith's Chinese Philosopher, with a dash of irony, "pretend to the utmost compassion for animals of every kind; to hear them speak, a stranger would be apt to imagine they could hardly hurt the gnat that stung them. They seem so tender and so full of pity that one would take them for the harmless friends of the whole creation—the protectors of the meanest insect or reptile that was privileged with existence."

This sentiment of pity for brute animals may become maudlin, as in Sterne's comments on a dead donkey; but, whether always wise or sometimes foolish, it shows at least that the tendency of literature was uniformly in favour of humanity. Dyer, in "The Fleecce," a poem, if we remember rightly, that Wordsworth admired, pleads its cause; and so, to a far larger extent, does Cowper. He will not number in his list of friends the man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm; he calls cruelty the most devilish of ills, and avers that the meanest things, so long as they do not interfere with man's health or safety, are

As free to live and to enjoy that life
As God was free to form them at the first.

Burns showed the same tenderness for all the animal creation, and expressed it with incomparable felicity, in his "Address to a Mouse"; indeed, the gentleness of that great poet's heart was as remarkable as its strength; and, coming nearer to our own time, we find the illustrious poets of this

century showing the deepest sympathy with all life, and with all suffering, whether of man or brute. This fellow-feeling pervades as with an atmosphere the whole poetry of Wordsworth, and there is nothing too insignificant to awaken his pity and his love. So deep are these feelings that they are called forth by what we are accustomed to call inanimate nature, and personal affection for flower and leaf and tree, for mountain and tarn, takes the place of admiration. "We must be gentle, now we are gentlemen," is the exclamation of the shepherd in "A Winter's Tale"; and it is scarcely too much to say that every earnest student of Wordsworth catches from that master a gentleness that is at once feminine and manly, and a resolution

Never to blend his pleasure or his pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

Lesser in degree, but similar in character, is the influence wielded by Shelley and Coleridge. In "The Sensitive Plant" of Shelley, such is the lady's tenderness that her step seems, to pity the grass it pressed. The plants of the garden she loves rejoice in the sound of her gentle feet.

If the flowers had been her own infants she
Could never have nursed them more tenderly.

And all killing insects and gnawing worms,
And things of obscene and unlovely forms,
She bore in a basket of Indian wool,
Into the rough woods far aloof.

In a basket of grasses and wild flowers full,
The freshest her gentle hands could pull,
For the poor banished insects, whose intent,
Although they did ill, was innocent.

No doubt there is here a vein of sentimentality, but whatever there is of excess in these lines suits the character of the poem. Coleridge, speaking of his "Ancient Mariner," said that in his judgment the poem had too much moral, as the moral sentiment ought not to be openly obtruded on the reader in a work of such pure imagination. No doubt Coleridge is right in his general remark, but in the particular case the moral is not offensively thrust forward, neither does it give a prosaic turn to the poem. It is one singularly characteristic of the poet, and at the same time affords another illustration of the humane feeling that lies at the root of a poet's nature—

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast;

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

THE BOLAN PASS.

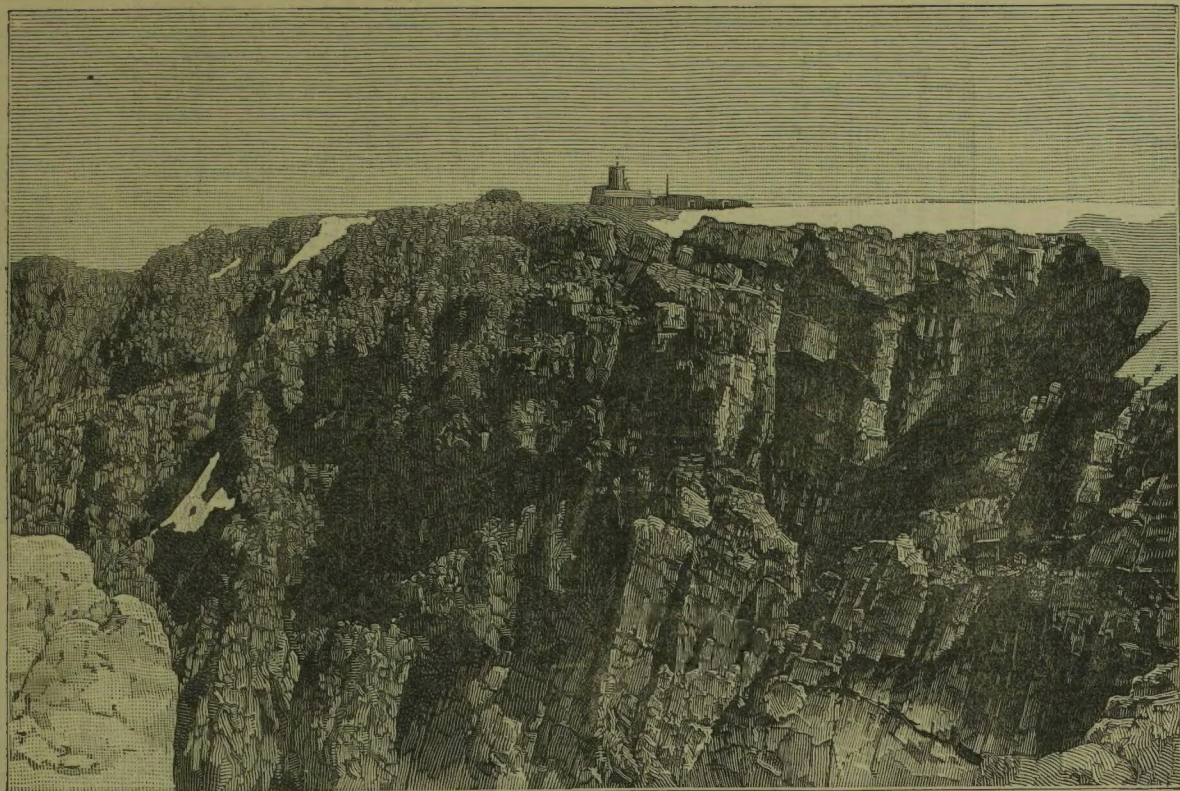
The railway now under construction from Sibi, at the foot of the mountain range which forms the western boundary of Scinde, to the Pishin valley, on the road to Candahar, does not exactly go through the Bolan Pass. But the Bolan Pass has hitherto been the road to Quetta, and a temporary railway has this year been laid down on certain parts of this route, from Pir Choki to Sir-i-Bolan, being the first piece of the line, to facilitate the collection of troops and military stores at Quetta. The route chosen for the future permanent line of communication, through the mountains, between India and the stations immediately on the Afghan frontier, is through the Hurnai valley, on the northern side of the Takatu range, and reaches the Pishin valley thirty miles north of Quetta, whence it may be continued to the most suitable pass of the Khojak Amran mountains, overlooking the plain of Candahar. Shikapore, a place of much trade with the neighbouring town of Sukkur, on the Indus, is connected by railway with the seaport of Kurrachee, and, to the north-west, by a line through Cutch Gandava, with the entrance to the Bolan Pass, at Dadur, and with Sibi, within a few miles of Dadur. From Dadur to the Sir-i-Bolan, about forty-five miles, the road ascends by a succession of narrow gorges and rocky defiles, almost in the bed of the stream, which has a very rapid fall, the difference of level in this distance being 3751 ft. At Kirta, and in other places, the valley widens into small plains or basins, inclosed by hills 500 ft. or 600 ft. high; and higher up again at Kista and Beebi Nani, where a road strikes off due west to Khelat. Our illustrations, from sketches by Lieutenant F. H. Oldfield, R.E., give a correct idea of the scenery at Kirta, and in the Khundalani gorge, where the river is to be crossed by a bridge. The effect of the explosion of 1200 lb. of powder, to blast the rocks at this place, is also represented, besides some incidents of rest and refreshment among the camel-drivers and native labourers. An outbreak of cholera some months ago caused much alarm in the Bolan Pass, but it has not, we believe, greatly interrupted the operations of road-making, which are now busily continued.

THE BEN NEVIS OBSERVATORY.

We published, on June 20 this year, a few Sketches of the Meteorological Observatory on the summit of Ben Nevis, the exterior and interior of the buildings completed since last year; and we had previously, in the summer of 1863, given some illustrations of the original establishment. It was a rude stone hut, erected by Mr. Clement Wragge, whose fortitude and perseverance are much to be admired, for the keeping of his scientific instruments, and to give occasional needful shelter to himself and his assistants. The Observatory has become a very important and efficient institution, and supplies daily records of the temperature, atmospheric pressure, winds, clouds, rain and moisture, condition of solar light, ozone tests, and everything else belonging to meteorology, at an elevation 4406 ft. above the sea level. It is often visited by summer tourists in Scotland; the ordinary way of ascent, from Fort William or from Banavie, is easy as far as the small lake or tarn, which lies at a height of 1800 ft.; but the upper part of the mountain, consisting of black porphyritic and granitic rocks, is extremely steep and strewn with blocks of stone, which make painful and toilsome climbing. We are indebted to Messrs. D. Johnston and Mason, photographers, of Glasgow, for the photographs copied in our Views presented this week, one of which shows the Observatory and the shed where refreshments are sold (tourists must not expect to find it a regular "hotel"), with snow lying six feet deep around them, as it often does even in May. The punctual arrival of carriers with food-supplies and fuel is a matter of importance to the residents on this lofty point, the highest in the British Islands. On the north-east side is a terrific precipice, falling sheer 1500 ft., which tries the steadiness of brain and nerve to look over. The views in other directions, when the weather happens to be clear, are very grand, including many of the finest mountains of Argyllshire, Perthshire, and Inverness-shire.

The *Punch* new shilling handbook, aptly termed "Robert," will prove an amusing holiday companion, "Robert" being composed of choice "Notes from the Diary of a City Waiter," one of the most humorous contributors to *Punch*.

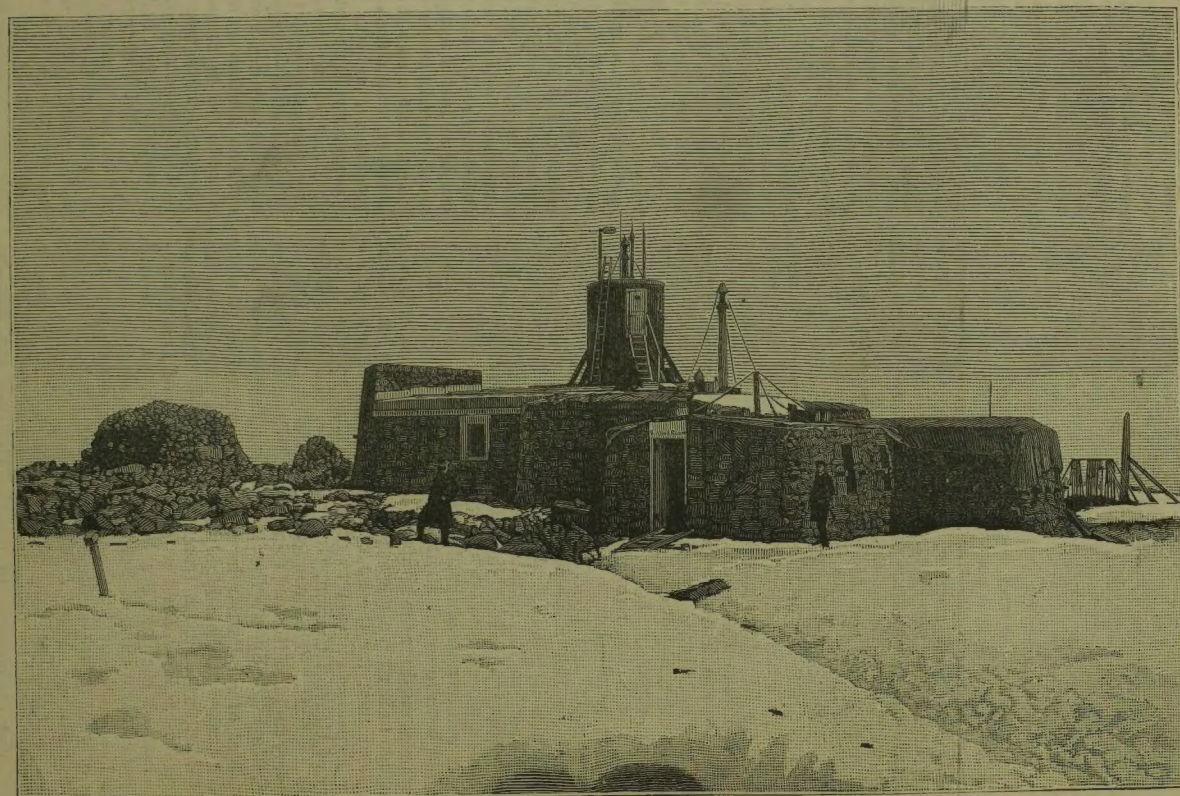
Upon the occasion of the presentation of an address by the Corporation of Derry to the Lord Lieutenant, Mr. Alderman Robert McKiver, the Mayor, was knighted by his Excellency. The honour has been conferred in connection with the latest Royal visit to Ireland.



LOOKING OVER THE PRECIPICE OF 1500 FT.



THE HOTEL AND OBSERVATORY—SIX FEET OF SNOW.



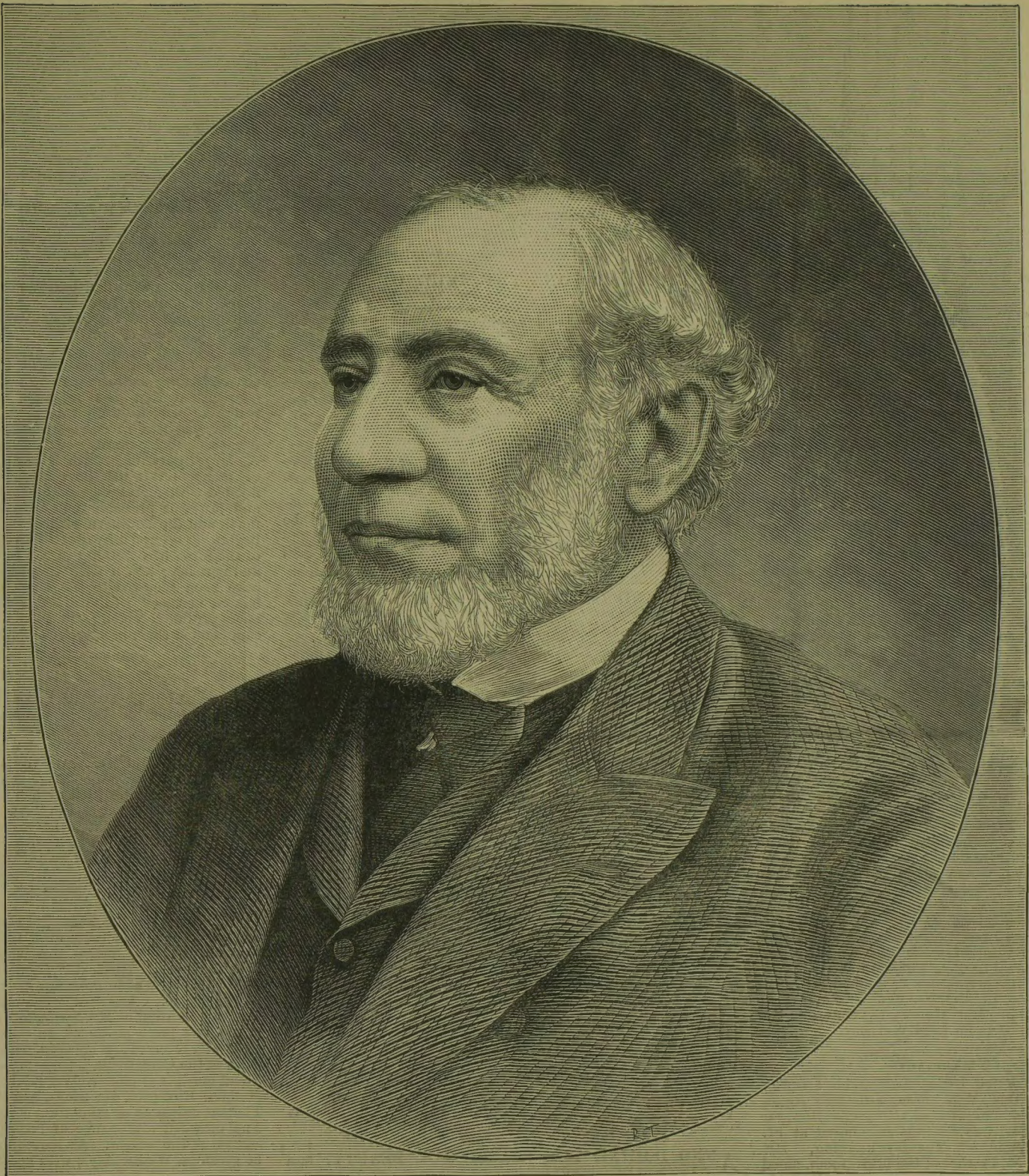
THE OBSERVATORY.



ARRIVAL OF CARRIERS.

ON THE SUMMIT OF BEN NEVIS.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. JOHNSTON AND MASON, OF GLASGOW.



CAPTAIN SIR RALPH ALLEN GOSSET, K.C.B.,
LATE SERJEANT-AT-ARMS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—[SEE "THE SILENT MEMBER."]



THE STANDING STONES OF STENNIS, IN THE ORKNEY ISLES.

THE COURT.

The Queen enjoys good health, and has driven out daily. The Right Hon. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, G.C.M.G., had an audience of her Majesty on the 5th inst., and kissed hands on his appointment as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to his Majesty the Sultan on a special mission. The Queen drove into East Cowes in the evening to see the collection of yachts gathered for the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta; and later the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and other members of the Royal family went aloft to witness the fireworks on the parade. The Lord Chancellor had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. On the 6th inst. her Majesty went out in the morning with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and went to Osborne Cottage to congratulate the Duke of Edinburgh on his birthday. Her Majesty's dinner party included the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Prince and Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg, the Hereditary Grand Duke and Princess Irene of Hesse. Princess Louise of Wales and Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg joined the Royal family in the evening. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their children, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Princesses of Hesse went out in her Majesty's yacht *Alberta*, Captain Fullerton, and were present at the East Cowes Regatta. The Right Hon. Sir Edward Malet, Ambassador at Berlin, had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. On Saturday morning her Majesty, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, went over to Osborne Cottage, and took leave of Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. The rest of the Royal family likewise took leave of the Princess, who left with the Marquis of Lorne for Kensington Palace. The Prince and Princess of Wales were present, on board the *Osborne*, at the Bembridge Bay Regatta of the Royal Portsmouth Corinthian Yacht Club. On Sunday morning the Queen and Royal family, and the members of the household, attended Divine service at Osborne; the Bishop of Ripon officiated. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Prince George of Wales and the Princesses of Wales, visited the Queen. The Bishop of Ripon had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. On Monday morning the Queen drove out with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and from the beach of Osborne Bay saw the yachts of the Royal Yacht Squadron sail and steam past to the eastward in two columns, under the command of the Prince of Wales (commodore), who led the sailing column in the *Aline*, the Marquis of Ormonde (vice-commodore) leading the steam-yachts in the *Mirage*. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught left Osborne on Monday in the Royal yacht *Alberta* for Portsmouth; their Royal Highnesses, with the Grand Duke of Hesse, going on to Bagshot. The Duchess of Edinburgh left Osborne the same day in the Royal yacht *Alberta* for Portsmouth, and proceeded by train to Eastwell Park. The Reigning Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, has left St. James's Palace for Germany. In recognition of the services rendered to the Aid Society for the sick and wounded soldiers and sailors by Princess Louise, the Duchess of Albany, and Princess Frederica of Hanover, the Queen has conferred the decoration of the Royal Red Cross on their Royal Highnesses. Princess Christian will to-day (Saturday) present about 700 certificates to the City and Port of London District Classes of the St. John's Ambulance Association at the Guildhall. Her Majesty has conferred the dignity of a Viscount upon General Lord Wolseley.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Mr. Frederick Henry Anson, eldest son of the Rev. Canon and the Hon. Mrs. Anson, with Miss Agnes Henrietta Acland, younger daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Dyke-Acland, Bart., M.P., was solemnised at St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, on Tuesday morning. Mr. Walter Vernon Anson, R.N., brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man. There were six bridesmaids—Miss Adelaide Anson (sister of the bridegroom), the Hon. Margaret Vernon, Miss Troyte, Miss Cartwright, and Miss Mary Hart-Davis. They were dressed in cream nun's veiling and lace, looped with pink velvet ribbons, and wore white bonnets with pink aigrettes. The bride was conducted to the chancel by her father, who subsequently gave her away. She was attired in white silk, with drapery of Brussels lace across the front, and a wreath of natural orange-blossoms and myrtle was covered by a Brussels lace veil. Her ornaments included a pearl and diamond necklace, her father's gift. The officiating priest was the Rev. P. L. Dyke-Acland, M.A., Vicar of Broadclyst, Exeter, uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev. R. H. Hart-Davis, Vicar of Dunsden, brother-in-law of the bride.

The marriage between Lord William Cecil and Miss Tyssen Amherst is arranged to take place in London on Sept. 2.

A marriage will shortly take place between Edith Gerrard Hood, eldest daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Palmer, of Dorney Court, near Windsor, and Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Holloway, late of the 91st (Princess Louise's) Argyllshire Highlanders.

Our Portrait of Sir Ralph Gosset, the retired Serjeant-at-Arms, is from a photograph by Mr. Arthur J. Melhuish, York-place, Portman-square.

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, M.P., and suite left London last Saturday morning en route for Constantinople and Egypt on a special mission.

The vacancy in the chair of Agriculture in the University of Edinburgh has been filled by Mr. Robert Wallace, Professor of Agriculture at the Royal College, Cirencester.

Some statistics issued by the Tasmanian Government show that the colony has made very substantial progress during the past ten years. The statistics prove that the colony is making very steady way in the accumulation of wealth, although not advancing quite so rapidly as some of its neighbours. The population is estimated to have increased from 114,762, in 1880, to 130,541 at the end of 1884, since which time there has also been an increase. Taking the last decade, it is found that there is a very satisfactory advance in general wealth, no matter how the figures are tested. For example, in 1875 the deposits in the five banks of the colony amounted to £1,277,585, and in 1884 the amount was £4,022,167, or nearly four times as much. Taking the savings banks as a test of the condition of the working classes, an equally satisfactory state of affairs is seen; for they contain conclusive proof that the Tasmanians have been saving at a rate which, considering the difference in population, is not surpassed in any of the other colonies. The general progress of the colony is shown by the fact that during the decade the valuation of property has increased from £604,347 to £837,916. Vital statistics for the past year also demonstrate that the health of the people is as good as ever it was, and that there are no signs of this climate—famous for its healthiness—deteriorating in any way.

BIRTHS.

On the 29th ult., at 2, Cambridge-road, Anerley, S.E., the wife of G. Henry Rew, of twin daughters.

On the 5th inst., at Dunrobin Castle, the Marchioness of Stafford, of a daughter.

On Sunday, the 9th inst., at 5, Carlton House-terrace, the Countess of Caledon, of a son.

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE SOUTH COAST.

BRIGHTON SEAFORD
EASTBOURNE
ST. LEONARDS
HASTINGS
WORTHING
LITTLEHAMPTON
ROGNOR
HAYLING ISLAND
PORTSMOUTH
SOUTHSEA.

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Trains also from Kensington and Liverpool-street.
Return Tickets from London available for eight days
Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets.
Improved Train Services.
Pullman Car Trains between Victoria and Brighton.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

RYDE
COWES
SANDOWN
SHANKLIN
VENTNOR for
BONCHURCH and
FRESHWATER
BEMBRIDGE.

Through Tickets, including all charges.
The Trains by this route run to and from the Portsmouth Harbour Station. The Isle of Wight Trains also now run to and from the New Pier Head Station at Ryde, thereby enabling Passengers to step from the Train to the Steamer, and vice versa.

SEASIDE SEASON.—NORMANDY COAST, &c.

DIEPPE
ROUEN
FECAMP
HAVRE
HONFLEUR
TROUVILLE
CAEN
CHERBOURG.

Through Tickets from Victoria and London Bridge, via Newhaven and Dieppe, or Newhaven and Honfleur.
THE ANGLO-NORMAN AND BRITTANY TOURS.—These Tickets enable the holder to visit all the principal places of interest in Normandy and Brittany.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS, see Time-Book, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or at any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End General Offices, 25, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate-Circus Office.
(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

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Two services daily, in correspondence with the International Mail and Express Trains. Direct German Carriages and Sleeping-Cars.
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Daily Conveyance of Ordinary and Specie Parcels.

MONTE CARLO.—SUMMER SEASON.

The series of the Extraordinary Musical Entertainments having terminated with the Winter Season, the usual Concerts, directed by Mr. Romeo Accursi, will be continued daily until further notice.

SEA-BATHING AT MONACO.

Villas and Private Houses and Apartments for every taste, and at every price. The beach, like that of Trouville, is covered with the softest sand, and at the Grand Hotel des Bains comfortable apartments, with board, for families, can be had at reasonable prices.

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Lighted by Electricity.
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Business Manager and Treasurer, Mr. W. H. GRIFFITHS.

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EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
And on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS at Three as well. Doors open at 2.30 and 7. Tickets and places at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, from 9.30 to 7. No fees of any description.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE,

completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY, and

"The Chosen Five," by EDWIN LONG, R.A. These celebrated Pictures, with other Works, are ON VIEW at the GALLERIES, 108, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

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ABROAD.

The yearly subscription abroad, including the Christmas Number, is 36s. 4d. (on thin paper, 32s.), with the following exceptions:—

To Abyssinia, Aden, Borneo, Ceylon, India, Java, Labuan, Penang, Philippine Islands, Sarawak, Singapore, the Transvaal, and Zanzibar, 41s. (thin paper, 34s.)

To Madagascar (except St. Mary and Tamatave), 45s. (on thin paper, 36s. 4d.)

Subscribers are specially advised to order the thick paper edition, the appearance of the engravings on the thin paper copies being greatly injured by the print at the back showing through.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, in English money; by cheque crossed the Union Bank of London; or by Post-Office Order, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to INGRAM BROTHERS, of 198, Strand, London.

Letters addressed to commissioned officers of the Army, whether serving at home or abroad, will be redirected and delivered without extra charge when such officers have removed on duty to another military station.

Lady Burdett-Coutts on Tuesday laid the memorial-stone of an extensive addition to the premises of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys at Wood-green, using the mallet with which Charles II. laid the foundation-stone of St. Paul's Cathedral. Purses containing £1100 were presented.

Herr J. H. Bonawitz gave an interesting historical pianoforte recital on Wednesday, in the music-room of the International Inventions Exhibition, using one of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons' sostenente grand pianofortes, the beautiful qualities of the instrument being brought out to perfection.

An official return of the number of public schools in Berlin states that there are five State and eleven municipal gymnasiums, with 8617 scholars; eight real gymnasiums, with 5552 scholars; six superior schools for girls, with 4375 scholars; and one preparatory State school, with 101 scholars. The middle and primary public schools comprise one seminary, one Royal Dramatic School for the corps de ballet, one higher municipal school, twenty-two preparatory schools, 146 communal free schools, with 132,889 scholars, one deaf and dumb school, one school for the blind, two orphanages, and twelve schools managed by various associations, making in all 221 public schools, with 158,412 scholars of both sexes. There are two schools for Jews and ninety private schools, with 21,195 scholars; so that the total number of children receiving education at Berlin this year is 179,607.

THE STONES OF STENNIS.

Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain, has its counterpart in the Orkney Isles, where the "Standing Stones" on the shore of Loch Stennis, on the road from Kirkwall to Stromness, present an object of similar archaeological interest. They are ranged in a semicircle on a projecting tongue of land which nearly divides the lake, or rather inlet of the sea, into two pieces of water, and which is prolonged by the causeway of Broisgar, with openings to admit the flow and ebb of the tide. The height of the pillars remaining of their original stature is above 15 ft. One of them is perforated with a round hole, through which, in these days, romantic lovers fondly join hands to plight their mutual affection by "the Promise of Odin," but which may have had a mystical significance in the rites of a heathen priesthood twenty centuries ago. There is a flat stone placed in the middle, which may have been a sacrificial altar. The inclosure is surrounded by sepulchral barrows, and on the opposite side of the water is a complete circle of smaller stones, with a deep trench around it, and with four barrows or earthen mounds. "Rude Stone Monuments," whether found in the British Islands or in Brittany and other parts of Western Europe, present an inviting subject of speculation, and seem to indicate a community of habits, ideas, and customs, though not necessarily of race, among the pre-historic inhabitants of the Atlantic coasts, but we shall never know much about them. It may be conjectured that the religious and social institutions of primitive nations were much influenced by the difference of their position in one essential respect, accordingly as they dwelt in a rocky country or in a land of forests and marshes. A large part of South Britain is comparatively devoid of stone, but must have been overgrown with woods or flooded with meres before human industry was applied to it; and it seems probable that the eastern and the western, the north and the southern regions of this island were from the beginning occupied by quite different populations. The men of the rocks had nothing to say to the men of the woodlands and marshes; and if the "Stones of Stennis" could possibly have been removed to the abode of the Iceni or the Trinobantes, neither "Druidism" nor any other creed supposed to have prevailed among "the Ancient Britons" would have commended them here to local veneration.

MUSIC.

Covent-Garden Theatre was closed for but a brief period after the termination of the performances of the Royal Italian Opera on July 25. Last Saturday the house was reopened for Promenade Concerts, again under the lesseeship of Mr. W. F. Thomas, and with Mr. A. Gwyllyn Crowe as conductor. As in former seasons, a fine band is engaged, numbering about a hundred performers, led by Mr. Carrodus. This gentleman's excellent performance of the "Andante" and final movement of Mendelssohn's violin concerto was one of the specialties of the programme, which also included the march from Gounod's "La Reine de Saba," the overtures to "Zampa" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," the "Saltarello" from Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony," an orchestral selection from "Masaniello," a "Pasequidillo" by Gottschalk, a "Gavotte" by M. Watson, a Polonaise ("Lebewohl") by Goedecke, and a characteristic "Dance around the Forge," by E. H. Sugg. Another novelty, which was especially successful, was a "Vocal Waltz," entitled "Fairie Voices," composed by Mr. A. G. Crowe, which bids fair to rival, if not to surpass, in popularity his celebrated "See-Saw" waltz of last season. The co-operation of Mr. Stedman's juvenile choir was a feature in the new piece produced on Saturday, when it was enthusiastically received and encored. In some of the full pieces the fine band of the Coldstream Guards is associated with the orchestra. Vocal music was effectively rendered by Madame Rose Hersee, Madame Enriquez, Mr. Maas, and Signor Foli. Mr. F. Lewis Thomas officiated as pianoforte accompanist with much ability. The crowded attendance of Saturday promises well for the success of the season. As heretofore, "classical nights" will be given on Wednesdays, with special programmes.

WHITWORTH SCHOLARSHIPS.

There has been issued from the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education, South Kensington, a list of candidates successful in the competition for the Whitworth Scholarships, 1885. Their ages range from nineteen to twenty-four, that of the first on the list being twenty.

The successful candidate for the £200 scholarship is Thomas Clarkson, Manchester, engineer.

The following gain scholarships of £50 each:—Hugh O. Bennie, Glasgow, engineer; Robert H. Unsworth, Penclun, near Manchester, engineer; Harold M. Martin, Gateshead, engineer; William T. Calderwood, Glasgow, mechanical draughtsman, and John Richards, Cardiff, blacksmith (equal); Ernest R. Doily, Leeds, engineer; James Korison, Paisley, engine-fitter; and Arthur J. Moulton, Preston, engineer apprentice.

The subjoined gain £100 scholarships:—William McNeill, Birmingham, mechanic; George W. Moreton, Crewe, fitter; Stephen E. Mallinson, London, assistant analyst; Henry C. Jenkins, London, engineer and millwright; Robert Smith, Glasgow, engineer; Thomas W. Nash, London, engineer; Henry F. W. Burstall, London, engineer apprentice; Arthur J. Stophar, Nottingham, mechanical engineer; Sidney H. Wells, London, marine engineer apprentice; George Milnes, Charlton, Kent, fitter; Harry Begbey, Old Charlton, Kent, engineer; John Goodman, Brighton, engineer; Mark H. Crumnie, Hull, mechanical engineer; Oliver Marsh, Crewe, fitter and turner; Thomas Galbraith, Manchester, pattern-maker; and Joseph H. Bowles, Stratford, engine-fitter.

Tuesday's *Gazette* announces that the Queen has granted the dignity of a Baronet unto Mr. Thomas Thornhill, of Riddlesworth Hall, Norfolk, and of Pakenham Lodge, Suffolk.

In London last week 2164 births and 1720 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 470 below, while the deaths exceeded by 8, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

An application to the Court of Chancery last April to sanction a scheme for amalgamating the London Society for Teaching the Blind to Read with the Royal College of Music for the Blind having been refused, Vice-Chancellor Bacon was applied to on Tuesday to order that the costs should be paid out of the trust funds. His Lordship said he had no right or authority to make such an order.

The revenue received from April 1 to the 8th inst. amounts to £28,000,479, or £14,662 less than the £28,015,141 received in the corresponding period ending Aug. 9, 1884. The expenditure up to the 8th inst. was £34,735,052, being £4,686,839 more than the expenditure for the similar period of 1884. The balances on the 8th inst. amounted to £346,892, and on Aug. 9, 1884, were £3,189,956.

From observations recently made on the traffic in the Broadway, New York, at a given point, it appears that the number of vehicles that passed in eleven hours was 22,308, or at the rate of 2000 per hour. Among these were 2370 public conveyances, 10,022 cabs, 938 pedlars' waggons, 324 coal-carts, 378 rag-trucks, 354 private carriages, 446 produce-waggons, and 300 street-sellers' carts. Coming down to a lower scale of particulars, the ash-carts numbered 150 and dust-carts 73, while those devoted to garbage were 64, and to dead hogs 73. The list was closed by two ambulances and three funerals.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Aug. 11.

For the next two months France will be occupied with the preparations for the general elections, the date of which has been fixed for Oct. 4. Each week we may expect will bring some new speech, some new programme, some new manifestation. Last week it was the turn of M. Clémenceau; this week it is the turn of M. Ferry. The ex-Premier delivered a long speech at Lyons on Sunday, before an audience of Radicals: he was hissed and hooted, but he was also applauded; and his speech was clever enough to embarrass many minds, so ingenious was his use and interpretation of catch-words. M. Ferry endeavoured to prove to his audience that he was a man of Government, that he was in reality a practical Radical, that while he was in office he gave France all the progressive impulse she could bear; in short, that, although not himself nominally a Radical, he had contributed largely to many Radical reforms—indeed, to all the reforms stipulated in the six points of the Radical programme. This being established, M. Ferry went on to demonstrate that his great enemy, M. Clémenceau, is not a man of Government, but simply a sterile Opposition critic, and that if the electors allow themselves to be seduced by his wild promises, the result will be in the new Chamber a majority so unstable that it will be impossible to form a Government.

Perhaps M. Ferry devoted too much of his speech to criticising M. Clémenceau, which prevented him from stating more fully what his own positive programme was. However, the electoral situation has now become fairly clear: the French Republic will be either prudent or rash; the electors will decide. M. Ferry has contributed largely towards diminishing the influence of the Church by secularising primary instruction. His would-be successor, M. Clémenceau, is bound to go further; and he demands the suppression of the budget of public worship, and the separation of Church and State. This question will be one of the great points of the elections. The Ultra-Radicals are ready to carry out the anti-religious doctrine to its extreme consequences. It was this party which elected M. Sogéon last Sunday to succeed Victor Hugo in the Senate, of which body M. Sogéon has vowed to demand the suppression. The Revolutionaries, who likewise on Sunday assembled around the tomb of Blanqui, at Pere-Lachaise Cemetery, wish to go even further, and reconstitute society on a new basis of absolute equality, which is summed up for them in the cry "Vive la Commune!" Suppose that M. Clémenceau is designated by universal suffrage next October as Prime Minister. Will he be able to hold in check the Revolutionaries, and at the same time to hold in respect the Reactionaries? Will he be able and supple enough to attract moderate men into his Cabinet? We now have this fact clearly established—namely, that the Republicans will have three electoral groups. The moderate men, who are partisans of slow and prudent progress, will vote for M. Ferry; the partisans of immediate and bold reform will vote for M. Clémenceau; the enthusiasts of the Commune of 1871, whether those who have forgotten or those who wish to renew it, will vote for the Revolutionaries.

A double execution took place in Paris yesterday morning on the Place de la Roquette. The victims of the guillotine were Gaspard, aged twenty-three, who murdered an old man in the Rue d'Angoulême by means of forty-two blows with a chisel; and Marchandon, aged twenty-one, the valet who assassinated his mistress, Madame Cornet, in the Rue de Séze. At five minutes to five Gaspard was brought on to the Place and decapitated. The knife of the guillotine was immediately washed and Marchandon was placed under it. The double execution was completed in less than fifteen minutes. The usual cynical and turbulent crowd was assembled on the Place de la Roquette to see the horrible sight.

Last Sunday more than 30,000 people assembled at Nîmes from all parts of the country to witness a regular Spanish bull-fight. Six Andalusian bulls were killed successively; seven horses were disemboweled in the arena; one toreador was wounded. The Prefect of the department of the Gard was present at this sanguinary spectacle, which frequently called forth the hisses and marks of disapprobation of the public. People who go to see a bull-fight may naturally expect to witness scenes of disgusting butchery, so that their hisses are only proofs of their inconsistency. But why did the Prefect permit the Spanish toreadors to exercise their trade in the arena of Nîmes? Why did the Minister of the Interior give the necessary authorisation for a spectacle which is prohibited in France? Naturally, it is suggested that the permission was given from political motives, in order not to disaffect the Southern voters. The bull-fight of Nîmes was in a way a renewal of the Roman *circenses*. The spectacle, however, was a failure, for the public protested against its horror, the women fainted, and even the Prefect himself could not sit it out.

A telegram has been received here from the Bishop and Vicar Apostolic of Eastern Cochín China confirming the intelligence as to the massacre of several missionaries and 10,000 other Christians in Tonquin. It is reported that murders and incendiary fires continue.

The Parliamentary Session having been closed, M. Grévy left Paris on Saturday for Mont-sous-Vaudrey, where he will remain during the vacation. The new Parliament will be convoked in November for a short Session only.

T. C.

The commercial convention between France and Holland was ratified last Saturday, and comes into force from that date.

Cholera continues its ravages in Spain. In Granada there have been terrible scenes. According to the official bulletin, there were 4151 cases of cholera in Spain last Sunday and 1504 deaths. The Archbishop of Seville has fallen a victim to the cholera at a village near Granada. In parts of the provinces the ignorant classes believe that the doctors poison the cholera patients. In some instances the latter have refused medical attendance, and their relatives have assaulted the doctors.

The Amsterdam Congress of the Teachers of the Blind has decided that the next meeting shall be held at Breslau. Fifteen-hundred guilders are to be awarded to the author of the best treatise on the teaching of the blind.

On Thursday evening, the 6th inst., the Emperor and Empress of Austria arrived at Gastein on a visit to the Emperor William. On the following morning the two Emperors exchanged visits, and in the afternoon the Emperor William entertained at dinner the Austrian Emperor and Empress. After dinner their Austrian Majesties returned to their hotel, and the German Emperor went across to bid them farewell. In the evening the Austrian Emperor and Empress left Gastein. The Emperor William came to the door of the hotel to see them off, and the two Emperors embraced and kissed each other most heartily in the open place before the eyes of the assembled public, who broke out into enthusiastic cheers. The German Emperor stood uncovered as long as he could see the departing carriage. The interview between the Emperor William and the Emperor Francis Joseph at Gastein is to be closely followed, it appears, by a meeting of the Emperor of

Austria-Hungary and the Czar, and later on by that of the Emperor of Germany and the Czar.

On Sunday the German Emperor attended Divine service at Gastein, and subsequently paid a visit to Prince Reuss, who is still confined to his bed by a bad foot. After dinner, his Majesty called on the Grand Duchess of Weimar; and at a late hour the Emperor attended a soirée at the villa of Count Lehnendorff. His Majesty arrived at Salzburg on Tuesday evening.—The ceremonious presentation of the freedom of the City of Berlin to Leopold von Ranke, the historian, took place last Saturday, the First Burgomaster, Herr von Forckenbeck, and other city officials taking part in the proceedings.—On Monday the International Telegraph Conference was opened in Berlin by Dr. Stephan, the German Postmaster-General. Seventy-two delegates were present. In the course of the proceedings, Dr. Stephan paid a warm tribute to the memory of the late Mr. Fawcett, everyone rising at the mention of his name in token of respect. It is expected that the deliberations will last from four to six weeks.

The Austrian National Rifle Festival, which is being held this year in Innsbruck, attained its culminating point with the arrival of the Emperor Francis Joseph last Saturday from Gastein. In the morning his Majesty gave audiences to numerous persons of distinction now at the Tyrolean capital. In the afternoon his Majesty entertained a large party at a Court dinner. In the evening there was a torchlight procession and serenade in front of the Palace. In the latter 450 singers took part, all being members of Tyrolean choirs. From the Palace balcony the Emperor and Archdukes witnessed the illuminations, one of the most striking features of which was formed by the great bonfires, upwards of eighty in number, that lit up the surrounding mountains. A procession of riflemen took place on Sunday in the presence of the Emperor. The procession lasted nearly two hours. A very large number of Tyrolean riflemen were present, and their diversified and picturesque costumes formed a striking feature of the scene. The Emperor left Innsbruck in the evening for Ischl, where he was met by the Empress and the Archduchess Valerie, who had come from Zell-am-See. In a letter to the Governor of the Tyrol, the Emperor expresses his gratification and thanks for the enthusiastic reception he met with at the hands of the Tyrolean Rifle Volunteers and guests at the National Rifle Tournament.

The Emperor and Empress of Russia have made a most successful tour in Finland, where his Majesty has promised that important measures shall shortly be submitted to the Provincial Diet. The Emperor and Empress arrived at Viborg on the 3rd inst. in the Imperial yacht *Alexandra*, from Peterhof, on their official state visit to the Grand Duchy of Finland, the first visit of this kind to the loyal Finns since their Majesties ascended the throne of Russia. After visiting the Russian church and school, the Imperial party left by train for Wilmanstrand, a small provincial town distant about two hours' journey, where the first independent manoeuvres of the Finnish troops since the introduction of general military service into the little Grand Duchy at once begin. At their conclusion, on Friday, their Imperial Majesties and the Grand Dukes returned to Viborg, re-boarded their yacht, and steamed down to Helsingfors. The triumphal entry into the Finnish capital was followed by a state ball at the Governor-General's, and other festivities. On Sunday morning, the Emperor reviewed all the war-vessels assembled in the roads of Helsingfors. Divine service was held on board a man-of-war. Afterwards, their Majesties visited the Exhibition, where they bought several pictures. The Emperor and Empress attended the ball of the Governor of Finland. On Monday their Majesties made some visits to the public institutions of Helsingfors. In the evening they left by the steamer *Derjava*, and so concluded what is described as a most successful visit to the Constitutional dependency of Russia.

Major Chermiside telegraphs to Cairo that he has received a letter from Ras Aloula's camp, dated July 30th, reporting an attack by the rebels in the middle of July upon Algeden, about fifty miles to the east of Kassala, in which the rebels were repulsed with the loss of seven sheikhs and 370 men. Major Chermiside adds that the garrison of Kassala is hard pressed by hunger. Ras Aloula is collecting levies.

Business was entirely suspended in New York and in most other cities of the United States on Saturday last, in honour of General Grant's funeral. The ceremony was of a most imposing character, the procession, it is estimated, being six miles in length. President Cleveland, Vice-President Hendricks, and the members of the Cabinet, ex-Presidents Hayes and Arthur, the Judges of the Supreme Court, Senators and Deputies, the Diplomatic Body, and the Governors of various States, were among those who followed the hearse. The weather was fine, and the influx of people into New York is believed to be without precedent. Memorial services were simultaneously held at a number of cities throughout the Union, including many in the Southern States.

Mr. Thomas White, member of the Dominion Parliament for Cardwell, has been appointed Minister of the Interior, in succession to Sir David Macpherson, who has resigned that post. Twenty-six half-breeds, among whom were Riel's councillors, pleaded guilty last week to the charge of treason-felony. Sentence was postponed; but it is believed that the prisoners will be leniently dealt with. Later information from the North-West states that there is no truth in the reported massacre of whites by Indians at Cypress Hills.

From Teheran it is announced that the fortifying of Herat is proceeding rapidly. The British Boundary Commissioners are now about nine miles to the west of that town. The railway to Askabad is expected to be completed in October. It is stated that, since the conquest of the territory of the Akhal Tekkes, the Russians have lost 4000 men from climatic influences.—The Maharajah of Travancore is dead.—The annual report for 1884-5 of Colonel F. S. Stanton, R.E., the Director-General of Indian Railways, shows that the total extent of railways open for traffic in India on March 31, 1885, was 12,004 miles, of which 9966 miles were in the hands of companies, 4434 miles State lines, either Imperial or provincial, and 664 miles belong to native States. On the same date the extent of railway mileage under construction was 3555 miles, of which 963 miles are in the hands of companies, 2125 miles are under construction by the State, and 467 miles by the native States.

The Agent-General for New South Wales has received a telegram from the Premier, Sir Alexander Stuart, expressing the regret of his Government at the Federal Council of Australasia Bill having passed the House of Commons in a form which precludes the possibility of New South Wales joining the Council.

The Portsmouth Town Council decided on Tuesday to proceed at once with the erection of a new Townhall, at a cost of £100,000.

Notwithstanding a heavy sea, four competitors took part on Monday in the annual contest for the Ladies' Championship of the Portsmouth Swimming Club, off South Beach, Miss Julia Green, the former champion, being again the winner.

THE CHURCH.

The parish church of Avebury, Wilts, having been restored at a cost of £30,000, a bazaar was held last week by Mr. Walter Long, M.P., to clear off the debt of £300 remaining.

Lord Richard Grosvenor, M.P., laid on the 6th inst. one of the memorial stones of St. John's Church at Rhyl, the other stones being laid by Mrs. Jones, of Olinda, Miss Caroline Lea, and Miss Richardson. There was a large gathering.

Sir James P. Deane, Q.C., attended on the 6th inst. at the Board-room of Queen Anne's Bounty Office, Westminster, and, under a commission from the Archbishop of Canterbury, prorogued Convocation until Tuesday, Nov. 3. Mr. Hassard, the Archbishop's Principal Registrar, was present.

Messrs. Thurgood and Martin have sold to the trustees of the Church of England Young Men's Society—of which the Lord Mayor is treasurer, and Sir William Charlie chairman—No. 3, St. Bride-street, Ludgate-circus, and the premises will shortly be adapted as the London headquarters of that society.

The Bishop of Manchester on Monday reopened the Church of St. George's, Preston, restored at a cost of £6000 by the Harris trustees. He said that the nation was now running after everything that was Scriptural, and expressed his conviction that they did not want to touch the foundations in Church or State, but to make them more stable.

A meeting was held last Saturday of the honorary canons of St. Albans, when it was resolved to raise a sum of £15,000 to support a Curate Minor Canon, and establish a daily choral evensong in the cathedral. The death of Canon Rewley was referred to, and memorials in the cathedral to him and Archdeacon Grant were suggested.

The fine old church of Bishops-Stortford, which has been undergoing partial restoration under the direction of Mr. Blomfield, has been completed. The Venetian mosaics, from the designs of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, representing "The Transfiguration," which form the commencement of the proposed treatment of the entire east wall in mosaics, have been erected in the reredos, in readiness for the reopening.

A beautiful east window and reredos placed in St. Mary's Church, Strontian, to the memory of the late Sir Thomas Milles Riddell, Bart., of Sunart and Ardnamurchan, by his relations and friends, was recently dedicated by the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. The window represents the Resurrection, and the subject is reverently and effectively treated, and the blending of the colours is very harmonious. The reredos depicts the Transfiguration in delicate tints on a gold background. Both window and reredos are by Clayton and Bell.

Baron St. Oswald, of Nostell Priory, has granted his tenants an abatement of 25 per cent upon their rents.

A large falling off is again shown by the Board of Trade returns in the values of both exports and imports.

Mr. Herkomer has been elected Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford, in the place of Mr. Ruskin, who is reported to be seriously unwell.

Arrangements have been made at St. Bartholomew's Hospital for the reception of cholera patients, should the epidemic reach the metropolis.

Captain John C. Purvis, R.N., has been awarded the good-service pension of £150 a year, vacant by the retirement on the 5th inst. of Captain George Robinson, R.N.

The liquidators of the late West of England and South Wales District Bank have made another return to the shareholders who have paid up their calls, of £1 per share, making a total of £2 2s. per share.

The Lord Chancellor has reported to the House of Lords that the right of Arthur Edmund Denis, Viscount Dillon, to vote at the elections of representative Peers for Ireland has been established to his satisfaction.

During the present month, and in October, from the 1st to the 24th, the Inner Temple Library will be open from ten to four, Saturdays ten to two. During September it will be closed on Saturdays, and open on other days from ten to two.

The annual contest for the Long-Distance Amateur Swimming Championship was decided last Saturday upon the Thames, the winner being G. Bell, of the Unity and Sandringham Clubs, the holder.

The central hall and courts of the Royal Courts of Justice will not be open to the public during the ensuing Long Vacation, as has hitherto been the custom, it being deemed expedient not to run needless risk of dynamite outrages.

Jewellery of the estimated value of £6000, belonging to a lady residing at Hyde Park-gate, Kensington-road, was stolen last Saturday afternoon from a private carriage while the lady was engaged in shopping.

The Company of Merchant Taylors have contributed 20 guineas to the funds of the Princess Frederica's Convalescent Home (for poor married women after childbirth, with their infants), Hampton Court.

During the past week eleven steamers arrived at Liverpool with live stock and fresh meat on board from the United States and Canada, bringing a collective supply of 2942 cattle, 1238 sheep, 8779 quarters of beef, and 180 carcasses of mutton.

A workmen's demonstration, with the object of enlisting public support on behalf of the Bethnal-green Free Library, was held in the East-End last Saturday. At Victoria Park, the Lord Mayor met the procession, and, in a brief speech, expressed his cordial sympathy with the movement.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and several members of their family left London last Saturday afternoon for Greenhithe, where they went on board Sir Thomas Brassey's steam-yacht the *Sunbeam*, which started at six o'clock for a three-weeks' cruise on the coast of Norway.

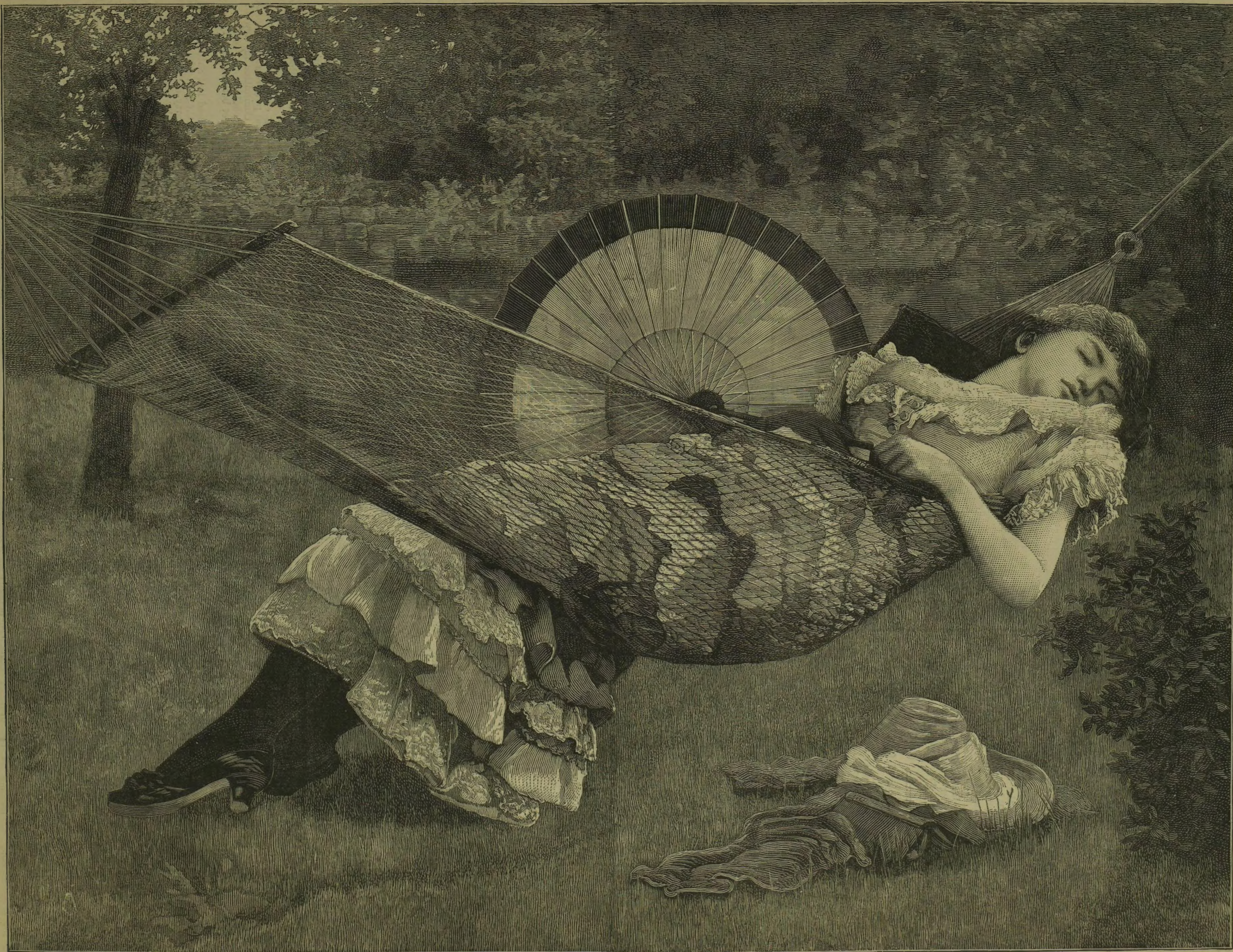
The Volunteer Artillery Meeting at Shoeburyness was opened last Saturday, when most of the detachments forming the first division arrived. After attending church on Sunday, the men were inspected by Colonel Lewis, who exhorted them to maintain discipline both in and out of camp. The competition began on Monday.

Yesterday week the concluding heat in the Handicap Golf Tournament among the members of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, for the silver cup presented by the Calcutta Golf Club, was played at St. Andrews between Mr. Leslie Balfour and Major Craigie. Major Craigie won the match and the Calcutta Cup by eight and seven to play.

Mr. G. Sidney Read, of the Western Circuit, has been appointed Revising Barrister for the Western and Southern Divisions of the county of Wilts, in succession to Mr. E. F. Pellew, deceased; and Mr. Clement Higgins and Mr. D. A. V. Colt Williams have been appointed revising barristers upon the North Wales and Chester Circuit.

In answer to an advertisement for a first-class clerk in the chambers of Mr. Justice Pearson, rendered vacant by the death of Mr. Lovell, over five hundred applications were sent in, among the candidates being barristers and solicitors. The salary for this appointment commences at £500 a year, and rises to £600.





IDLENESS.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

It would be only too easy to draw the moral of a comparison between our two pictures: that of the good young ladies at work making a dress, the elder apparently refusing a friend's invitation to go out for a walk; and that of the lazy girl reclining in a hammock swung within a very safe distance of the garden lawn. But some may consider that virtue is its own reward, and does not require the stimulus of praise; though it is especially commendable to set an example of diligence to the younger sisters, and the piece of work on which they are jointly employed may be a matter of real household duty. As for the indolent young person, if we cannot entirely approve of her present behaviour, she is a pretty and graceful figure; and she may possibly have been exerting herself, in mind or body, to laudable purpose, at an earlier hour of the long summer day. Never to lounge, never to indulge in reverie, is to miss some wholesome influences which contribute to the refinement of human life, but the enjoyment of which should be earned by the punctual discharge of every positive duty. "Wise alternation," in general, is the true rule of conduct in these matters, and to do what is fitting at the right time and in the right place. Some of us work too little, study too little, or not at all; but ten times as many people, of both sexes, do not rest enough, do not play enough, after the years of childhood, and seldom permit their jaded minds to drift along the stream of pensive feeling, which might lead them to sympathetic gentleness, and reveal higher aims of existence. In these days of ambitious intellectual culture for young women of the middle classes, when so many are cramming for University degrees, the garden swing, as well as the exciting contest of lawn-tennis, may have, when used in moderation, its beneficial effect. Peace and health to all good girls who love and obey their parents, and may they have long and happy lives before them, delighting, comforting, and in all things properly assisting every member of their families, both old and young! Above all, let them ever remember that no woman ought to be cross, and that everyone, in some way or other, has a vocation to please those around her.

Mr. Harrington, M.P., has received from Australia £1000 for the Irish Parliamentary Fund.

The Dublin Corporation on Monday voted the honorary freedom of the city to Dr. Kevin Izod O'Doherty, one of the Young Ireland Party, who was convicted, with the late John Mitchell, of treason-felony.

Intelligence has been received of the wreck, near Cape Guardafui, of the London steamer Willingale, with the loss of twelve men out of twenty-four. All the boats were rendered useless; and although the Arabs on shore could have rendered assistance, they refused to do so, and allowed the sailors to perish before their eyes.

The Saddlers' Company have established four studentships, each of the annual value of £30, and tenable for two years, at the Finsbury Technical College of the City and Guilds of London Institute. The studentships will be competed for at the entrance examination, to be held at the college on Oct. 1, and are open to pupils above fourteen years of age who are attending or who have attended any public elementary school in the United Kingdom.

When the parade at Rhyll was crowded last Saturday afternoon, a cry arose that a bather was drowning. A gentleman was seen to be struggling for life, but the onlookers were powerless to assist him. The sea, lashed by a heavy wind, was rather rough, while the tide was rapidly running out, carrying the gentleman with it. As he helplessly drifted past the pier-head, he appealed piteously for assistance. Happily, a life-buoy was found and pitched toward him, but it fell short. At that moment two men on horseback had their attention attracted, and without a moment's hesitation they plunged into the sea and swam their horses out beyond the pier, which is half a mile in length, and, after great risk and exertion, brought the bather, who was discovered to be a visitor from Manchester, safely ashore. He was quite exhausted.

On Monday the forty-sixth anniversary meeting of the Royal Botanic Society was held at the house in the gardens, Mr. J. P. Gassiot, vice-president, in the chair. The reports of the council and auditors for the year were read. The receipts from all sources were £6453, while the expenditure, notwithstanding a heavy outlay for building, was £300 less than that of the last year. The attendance of visitors at the exhibitions held during the spring and summer months continued on the increase. More especially was this noted as regards the evening fête, when the numbers reached 8450, an increase of 500 over last year, which had hitherto been considered the best. During the last five years 3824 free orders of admission, of from three to six months, have been given, and 245,426 cut specimens of plants and flowers distributed to the medical and art schools of the metropolis.

An account published of the fish seized during July by the fish meters appointed by the Court of the Fishmongers' Company at and near Billingsgate Market, and on boats lying off that place, shows that the total weight of fish seized during that period was 146 tons 2 cwt. 2 qr. Among the fish seized were—cod, 1 ton 17 cwt.; crabs, 14 cwt.; eels, 1 ton 5 cwt. 3 qr.; haddocks, 14 tons 18 cwt. 3 qr.; herrings, 8 tons 9 cwt. 3 qr.; kippers, 10 cwt.; lobsters, 1 ton 16 cwt.; mackerel, 19 cwt. 2 qr.; mussels, 22 tons 16 cwt.; oysters, 18 cwt.; periwinkles, 16 tons 19 cwt.; plaice, 1 ton 3 qr.; salmon, 1 ton 7 cwt. 2 qr.; shrimps, 15 tons 7 cwt. 2 qr.; skate, 11 tons 10 cwt. 2 qr.; whelks, 16 tons 12 cwt.; whitebait, 19 cwt. 2 qr.; and whiting, 26 tons 19 cwt. 1 qr. The weight of fish delivered at and near Billingsgate Market during the month was 13,541 tons. The intense heat which prevailed during the month was the cause of the heavy seizure, which was, however, only about 1 per cent on the total weight of fish delivered at the market.

The Master of the Rolls in Ireland has appointed three gentlemen provisional liquidators as trustees, with the view of protecting the assets of the Munster Bank until November next, when an order for liquidation can, if necessary, be made. All the gold at the Dublin and other branches of the Munster Bank has, by direction of the provisional liquidators, been packed in boxes and lodged in the Bank of Ireland, to remain there till the opening of the projected new bank. Steps have been taken in the Dublin Bankruptcy Court to have Robert Farquharson, the absconding manager, adjudicated a bankrupt, thereby to secure his assets, estimated at £12,000. Under an order of the Master of the Rolls, a reward of £500 is offered for his apprehension. A meeting of the Munster Bank shareholders was held in Cork on Monday, when a new committee was appointed to watch the interests of the shareholders, and a report was adopted in which the prospectus of a new bank was sketched. It was proposed to issue 150,000 shares of £5 each, with £2 paid up, the new capital to be subscribed as follows:—10s. on application, 10s. on allotment, and 20s. on Nov. 1. The opinion was expressed that Cork should continue to be the head-quarters of the bank, with meetings of the shareholders held alternatively in Cork and Dublin.

CHESS.

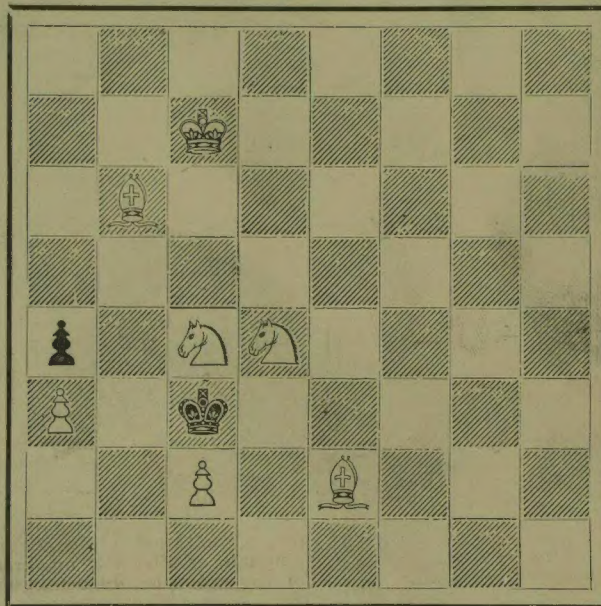
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Ann (Cheltenham).—(1) The recognised rules of chess will be found in the "Book of the London Tournament 1881," published by James Wade, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden. (2) The code will answer all your other questions. Emmo (Darlington).—Your problem has not been overlooked. It shall soon appear. J. R. D. (Kingsland).—If, when a W.P. is at K B 2nd and a B.P. at K 6th, White should play P to K B 4th, the Black Pawn cannot capture it en passant. G. J. (Gateshead).—Thanks; the problem shall be examined. G. H. P. (Old Broad-street).—The so-called "Universal Notation" is not recognised by any authority on the game of chess. PRAIRIE CHICKEN (Royston).—No. 2149 was corrected in a subsequent Number. CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2154 received from Casino National (Jerez); of No. 2155 from F. E. Gibbins (Tiflis), E. J. Cobbett (Savage Club), An Old Lady (Jersey, U.S.A.), Rev. John Willis (Harncliffe, U.S.A.); of No. 2156 from Pierce Jones, E. J. Cobbett (Savage Club), E. Cornish, R. H. Brooks, Rev. John Willis, An Old Lady, Emile Pratt, of No. 2157 from Clement Fawcett, Casino National, Pierce Jones, Emmo (Darlington), E. J. Cobbett, Prairie Chicken, and Tam. CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2158 received from F. Marshall, A. C. Hunt, Rev. W. Anderson (Old Romney), C. S. Cox, N. S. Harris, Pierce Jones, W. Hillier, C. Driagh, B. R. Wood, Nerina, E. Cassel (Paris), Otto Fulder (Ghent), Shadforth, L. I. Greenaway, M. O'Halloran, R. H. Brooks, Emmo (Darlington), Joseph Ainsworth, R. Tweddell, A. W. Scrutton, S. Bullen, James Pickington, R. I. Sothwell, L. L. Shuswood, Ernest Sharwood, S. Lowndes, H. Revell, H. A. Seabitt, Jupiter Junior, G. W. Law, W. W. Hunter, Ben Nevill, John Hodzson (Maidstone), H. Wardell, E. Elsbury, L. Wyman, C. Oswald, Hereward, Casino National (Jerez), G. Seymour, L. Desanges, G. H. Palmer, H. Lucas, F. F. Pot, and A. W. G. A.

PROBLEM No. 2160.

By F. H. BENNETT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

THE GERMAN CHESS ASSOCIATION.

Played at the Hamburg Meeting, between Herren BERGER and MINCKWITZ. The notes are by the Editor of the *Nationaltidende*.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Herr B.)	BLACK (Herr M.)	WHITE (Herr B.)	BLACK (Herr M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. K to R sq	P to Q 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. P to Q B 3rd	B to K 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	16. Q to R 5th	P to K Kt 3rd
4. B to R 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	17. Q to R 4th	B to Kt 2nd
5. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to B 4th	18. P to B 5th	B takes B
6. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt	19. P takes B	K R to K sq
7. P to Q 4th	P to Q 3rd	20. B to Kt 5th	Q to B 3rd
8. Castles	P to Q B 4th	21. Q R to K sq	R to K 4th
9. P takes Kt	B takes P	22. B to B 6th	
10. B to Kt 3rd	Q to B 2nd	Suppose—	
11. Kt to Kt 5th	Kt takes Kt	22. P to B 6th	B to R sq
11.1.	B takes R P	23. R to B 3rd	P to K R 4th
12. K to R sq	Kt takes Kt	24. R to R 3rd	Q R to K sq, &c
13. Q takes Kt	Castles		
14. P to Kt 3rd	B takes P	22.	B takes B
15. P takes B	Q takes P	23. Q takes B	Q to Q 2nd
16. B to K B 4th	Q to R 6th (ch)	24. R to Q sq	R takes K P
17. B to R 2nd, &c.	Castles	25. R takes P	Q to K 2nd
12. Q takes Kt	B to Q 5th (ch)	26. Q takes Q	R takes Q
13. P to K B 4th			Abandoned as drawn.

THE COUNTIES CHESS ASSOCIATION.

All the tournaments of the Hereford meeting, with the exception of the "Masters," were brought to a conclusion on Monday last. The handicap prizes were divided between Messrs. Blake, Burt, and Raymond, there being no time to play off the ties. In the section tournaments, the winners are as follows:—

Class I., Section A: Division—Hook and Locock. Section B: First Prize—Wainwright; Second Prize—Lambert.

Class II., Section A: First Prize—Jones; Second Prize—Newham. Section B: First Prize—Evans; Second Prize—Berry and Mead (division).

The time limit in the Masters' Tourney, fifteen moves an hour, tended naturally to prolong its course; and as we write (Tuesday afternoon), the ninth round is only partially played out, and there are several unfinished games from preceding rounds to be yet decided. As the scores stand at present, the contest appears so close that no man ventures to name the winner of the chief prize. Blackburne leads with 64 points and three games to play against Bird, Mason, and Schallopp; Schallopp ranks next, 6 points, with an unfinished game against Mason, and to play Blackburne and Thorold also. Bird and Mackenzie come next, each with a score of 5½; the former having yet to oppose Blackburne, Mackenzie, and Ranken; and the latter to play Bird and Thorold. Among these players, it may be safely predicted, will be found the winner of the chief prize; but its ultimate destination depends mainly upon the result of the unfinished game Mason v. Schallopp, and of the encounter between Blackburne and Schallopp in the last round, begun this (Tuesday) afternoon. Blackburne presents the cleanest score, made up, as it is, of six wins and one draw; and, in this respect, Schallopp ranks next, with six wins and one game lost, the latter to Gunsberg. Gunsberg's many friends regret to note that he has been unable to sustain the fine form he displayed in the British Chess Association Tourney, and subsequently at Hamburg. Up to the present, however, he has succumbed only to the strongest of the competitors—Blackburne, Mackenzie, and Schallopp. His score at present is four, with two possible wins against Owen and Pollock respectively; so that he may yet find a place among the prize-winners. The following is the score as we go to press:—

Blackburne 7	Gunsberg 4½
Mackenzie 6½	Pollock 3
Bird 6	Ranken 3
Schallopp 6	Skipworth 2½
Mason 5	Owen 1½
Thorold, 1.	

Nine games to be played out.

THE SCOTTISH CHESS ASSOCIATION.

The second congress of this association was opened at Glasgow on Monday, the 3rd inst., when twelve competitors entered for the major tournament, eight for the minor tournament, and sixteen for the handicaps. The following are the chief scores in the major tourney, as given by the *Glasgow Herald* of the 8th inst.:—

M. I. 9	Fraser, J. 5½
Melkie 9	Chambers 4½
Fraser, G. B. 6	Forsyth 3½

In the minor tournament the best scores had been made by Mr. Galloway 5½ (out of a possible 6), and Mr. W. W. Robertson, 4 (out of a possible 5).

In the tourney at the Copenhagen Chess Club the prize in the first class competition, a silver challenge cup, was won by A. Therkelsen. Otto Meising was awarded the prize for the best game, and S. Pritzels the prize for good play. The prizes in the second and third class tourneys were won by Messrs. Arbol and Rasmus respectively.

Under the patronage of the Constable of the Tower of London, General Sir Richard Dacres, Lieutenant-General Lord Chelmsford, and many others, a show of flowers and vegetables, grown within the ancient fortress, was held on the 14th inst., on the space of ground adjoining St. Peter's Church.

YACHTING.

At Cowes on Thursday week the town and the yachts of the Royal Yacht Squadron displayed all their available bunting in honour of the birthday of the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Prince of Wales gave a dinner on board the Osborne. The event of the day was the race for the Town Cup, which was won by the Marguerite cutter, a protest against the Marjorie, which came in first, for having gone on the wrong side of the Peel Buoy having been allowed. Yesterday week the concluding day was marked by an unusually large number of entries for the races, which were sailed in good time. A protest was entered by the Corinne against another vessel for driving her against a buoy. After a careful investigation, the sailing committee awarded the first prize of £70 to the Nivie, the second of £50 to the Marjorie, and the third of £30 to the Corinne. The Town Regatta was held in the afternoon off Prince's-green. According to arrangement, the yachts of the Royal Yacht Squadron left Cowes on Monday morning for a sail in columns, under the command, respectively, of the Prince of Wales, commodore, and the Marquis of Ormonde, vice-commodore. The sailing-vessels were headed by the Prince of Wales in his schooner Aline, and the steam-vessels by the Marquis of Ormonde in the Mirage steamer. It was generally expected that the cruise would be a rather long one, and that Portland would be the place of its destination; but as there was a strong wind blowing from the south-west, it was determined to shorten the course by merely sailing from Cowes to the Warner Light, and then return to the starting-station. There has been no similar display of the yachts of the squadron since the time when the Earl of Yarborough was commodore.

The regatta of the Portsmouth Corinthian Yacht Club took place last Saturday at Bembridge, in a strong south-westerly breeze, reefed mainsails being the order of the day. In the principal match, Vega, 34 tons, yawl, Colonel Smith, R.E., won. Quickstep, 20 tons, cutter, E. Curtees, won the Handicap Race. Ulerin, 10 tons, cutter, Mr. Edgar Vincent, took the prize for her class. Lil and Laurette won in their classes.

The 100-Guinea Challenge Prize given by the Royal Southampton Yacht Club was sailed for on Saturday by four of the crack racing-yachts, and was won by Mr. Jameson's famous cutter Irex. This prize, which was won by the Tara last season, has to be gained by the same yacht twice before absolute ownership can be obtained.

The usual preliminary business of the regatta of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club is the annual meeting of the members at the club-house, Ryde, when a statement of its affairs are submitted and new members elected. This took place on Monday afternoon. Since the last meeting Mr. Jessop, vice-commodore, had been removed by death. Mr. M'Arthur, the secretary, presented a statement of the affairs of the club, which was considered to be very satisfactory. Captain Harvey, of the Amethyst steam-yacht, was unanimously elected vice-commodore, and Sir Andrew Walter, of the Culona, was elected to hold the office of rear-commodore, vacated by Captain Harvey. The house dinner was held in the evening. The regatta began on Tuesday, and the programme contained a list of valuable prizes to be sailed for. The first race was a match between two cutters of ten tons, and the Ulerin took the first and the Queen Mab the second prize. The Victoria Club prize of £70 was won by the Lorna, and the second prize of £20 by the Marjorie. The Prince of Wales paid a visit to Ryde in the afternoon.

Professor Owen, of St. David's College, Lampeter, has been appointed to the head-mastership of Llandovery College, vacant by the promotion of the Rev. A. G. Edwards to the vicarage of St. Peter, Carmarthen.

The important horse fair which is held at Horncastle took place on Monday. Prices for good hunters ranged up to £200, good harness-horses to £120, and a large number of Irish from £50 to £100.

Under the auspices of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, the inclosure of Red Lion-square, Holborn, was on Monday thrown open, Lady Marian Alford taking a prominent part in the ceremony.

During a high wind on Monday morning, the roof of the London and North-Western Railway Company's station at Huddersfield, which was undergoing repair, fell in, killing two men and injuring others. Railway traffic was interrupted for a considerable time.

The Army Rifle Meeting at Aldershot came to a conclusion yesterday week, when the second stage of the Championship of the Army was decided. The winner for the year is Corporal Wilson, 2nd Royal Highlanders, with a total of 103 points; Colour-Sergeant Meecham, 1st Warwick, securing the second prize.

Mr. Albert Grant was examined yesterday week, at the Bankruptcy Court, upon his own petition. His accounts disclosed liabilities to the amount of £213,711, and assets £74,494. He said he had agreed to set aside one-third of his net profits for the benefit of his creditors. His expenditure had been at the rate of eight or nine thousand a year. No objection was made, and the bankrupt passed his examination.

At a meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works, yesterday week, it was stated that between three and four thousand pounds a week is being spent in deodorising the sewers and outfalls; and exceptional powers were conferred on the Works and General Purposes Committee in view of the probability of the introduction of cholera. A contract was entered into for the new line of street between the Piccadilly-circus and West-street, St. Giles's.

The Canterbury cricket week closed last Saturday with the match between Kent and the M.C.C., in which the county were victorious by an innings and forty-eight runs. At Manchester, Lancashire beat Cheshire by an innings, with one hundred and forty-one runs to spare; at Clifton, Notts defeated Gloucestershire by ten wickets; and at Kennington Oval, Surrey won the match with Derbyshire in an innings, with fifty runs to spare.

According to the quarterly return of the Registrar-General, the population of the United Kingdom in the middle of 1885 was estimated at 36,325,115 persons: that of England and Wales at 27,499,041, of Scotland at 3,907,736, and of Ireland at 4,918,338. In the United Kingdom the births of 285,612 children, and the deaths of 176,256 persons, were registered in the three months ending June 30. The natural increase of population was, therefore, 109,356. The number of persons married in the quarter ending March 31, 1885, was 105,464.

A county meeting was held at Northampton last Saturday to welcome Earl Spencer on his return from Ireland. An address was unanimously agreed to congratulating Earl Spencer on his safe return to his native country, and expressing pride at his firm and fearless bearing in the midst of no ordinary trials and dangers, and his performances of the onerous duties of his office of Irish Viceroy, which had been a noble example to his countrymen. The address concluded with a warm recognition of Lady Spencer's high social qualities. Earl Spencer conveyed his great appreciation of the kindly feeling which prompted the presentation of such an address, which both he and the Countess would greatly prize.

OBITUARY.

VISCOUNT HALIFAX.

The Right Honourable Sir Charles Wood,



Viscount Halifax, of Monk Bretton, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and a Baronet, G.C.B., P.C., died on the 8th inst. This venerable and distinguished statesman, associated with the Administration of Earl Grey so far back as 1832, was born Dec. 20, 1800, the

elder son of Sir Francis Lindley Wood, second Baronet, of Barnsley, and was educated at Eton, and at Oriel College, Oxford, where he graduated double first in 1821. Adopting a political course, he entered Parliament as member for Grimsby in 1826, and sat for that borough until 1831. From the latter year to 1832 he was M.P. for Wareham, from 1832 to 1865 for Halifax, and for Ripon from 1865 to 1866, when he was elevated to the Peerage. He held several high offices, was Secretary of the Treasury 1832 to 1834, Secretary of the Admiralty 1835 to 1839, Chancellor of the Exchequer 1846 to 1852, President of the Board of Control in 1852, First Lord of the Admiralty 1855 to 1858, Secretary of State for India 1859 to 1866, and Lord Privy Seal 1870 to 1874. His creation as Viscount Halifax bears date, Feb. 21, 1866, and the inheritance of the baronetcy from his father's death, Dec. 31, 1846. His Lordship married, July 29, 1829, Lady Mary Grey, fifth daughter of Charles, second Earl Grey, K.G. (Prime Minister at the passing of the Reform Bill in 1834), and by her (who was a Lady of the Crown of India, and died July 6, 1884) had issue, four sons and three daughters. The eldest son, Charles Lindley, now second Viscount Halifax, born June 7, 1839, married, April 22, 1869, Agnes Elizabeth, only daughter of the Earl of Devon, and has issue.

SIR J. S. TRELAWNY, BART.

Sir John Salusbury Salusbury-Trelawny, ninth Baronet of Trelawny, D.L. and Deputy Warden of the Stanneries, for some years Commandant of the 2nd Cornwall Rifle Militia, died on the 4th inst. He was born June 2, 1816, the second son of Sir William Lewis Salusbury-Trelawny, eighth Baronet, Lord Lieutenant of Cornwall, by Patience Christian, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Philipps, carpenter, of Mount Tavy, Devon, and represented the great and ancient Cornish family of Trelawny, so long associated with the history and Parliamentary annals of Cornwall. A baronetcy was conferred in 1628 on Sir John Trelawny, of Trelawny, High

Sheriff of his native county in 1631. The third inheritor of the title was Sir Jonathan Trelawny, Bishop of Bristol, one of the seven prelates committed to the Tower by King James II., and the Baronet whose death we record, was descended from the Bishop's brother. He was educated at Westminster School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1839. In 1843 he entered the House of Commons as member for Tavistock, and sat for that borough until 1852, and again from 1857 to 1865. In 1868 he became Knight of the Shire for East Cornwall, and remained such till 1874. His politics were Liberal. Sir John, who succeeded his father in 1856, married, first, Jan. 25, 1842, Harriet Jane, eldest daughter of Mr. John Hearle Tremayne, M.P., of Heligun; and secondly, May 19, 1881, Harriet Jacqueline, widow of Colonel E. G. W. Keppel, of Lexham Hall, Norfolk, and youngest daughter of Sir Anthony Buller, of Pound, Devon. By the former (who died Nov. 5, 1879) he leaves two daughters, Mrs. Sterling and Mrs. Backhouse; and one son, now Sir William Lewis Trelawny, tenth Baronet, born Aug. 26, 1844, who has been twice married, and has issue.

SIR HENRY TRACEY, BART.

Sir Henry Josius Tracey, sixth Baronet, of Rackheath Hall, Norfolk, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff 1871, died on the 7th inst. He was born July 31, 1802, the eldest son of Sir Josius Henry Tracey, fourth Baronet, by Diana, his wife, daughter of Mr. David Scott, of Dunmald, and succeeded to the title at his father's death, Nov. 6, 1855. He was educated at Eton, and held formerly the commission of Captain 1st Dragoons. From 1855 to 1857 he was M.P. for East Norfolk, for Yarmouth from 1859 to 1865, and for Norwich from 1863 to 1869. His politics were Conservative. He married, March 5, 1835, Charlotte, daughter and heiress of Mr. George Denne, of the Paddock, Canterbury, and by her (who died April 12, 1884) leaves a large family. The eldest son, now Sir Edward Henry Gervase Tracey, seventh Baronet, was born Dec. 3, 1838, and is married to Mary Gertrude, daughter of Sir Charles Des Vaux, Bart.

GENERAL DOUGLAS.

General Charles Douglas, Royal Artillery, died at Calcutta, on the 28th ult. He entered the Army in 1833, and became General in 1881. During the interval, he saw much service; was in Afghanistan with General Pollock, at the re-capture of Cabul; in India, under Sir Hugh Rose, at the assault of Jhansi; and in command of the Hyderabad contingent at the taking of Calpee.

THE REV. CANON PHILIPS.

The Rev. Gilbert Henderson Philips, M.A., Rector of Bolton Percy, Canon of York, Chaplain to the Archbishop, and Rural Dean, died suddenly, on the 3rd inst., aged sixty-three. He graduated at Oxford in 1845, and was ordained in 1847. Previously Vicar of Brodsworth, he was transferred, in 1883, to the Rectory of Bolton Percy. Canon Philips was Editor of the *York Journal of Convocation*, as well as Synodal Secretary, and Editor also of the *York Diocesan Calendar*.

JUDGE WALSH

Frederick William Walsh, Q.C., one of the Judges of the Court of Bankruptcy in Ireland, died on the 7th inst. He was called to the Bar in 1836, and enjoyed a fair practice in the Equity Courts. In 1871 he was elected a Bencher of King's Inn, and in 1879 succeeded Judge Harrison as a Bankruptcy Judge.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Very Rev. William Jackson, Dean of Killala, on the 4th inst., at Killanley, county Sligo, aged seventy-seven.

Lord Houghton, on the 10th inst., at Vichy, whither he had gone to take the waters, in his seventy-seventh year. A memoir of the deceased Peer will be given in our next issue.

Mr. Felix John De Hamel, late Solicitor of H.M. Customs, on the 31st ult., aged seventy-seven. He consolidated all the Acts of Parliament relating to his department, which became law under the title of "The Customs Laws Consolidation Act."

The Hon. Mrs. Blenkinsopp Coulson (Mary Anne), widow of Mr. Blenkinsopp Coulson, of Blenkinsopp Castle, Northumberland, and daughter of George Anson, seventh Lord Byron (cousin and successor of the poet), on the 1st inst., at Mount Tryon, Torquay. He was married June 4, 1834.

Mr. Penry Williams, the well-known portrait-painter, on the 27th ult., at Rome, in his eighty-sixth year. Visitors to Rome rarely omitted to go to Penry Williams' studio: in 1832 he had a visit from Sir Walter Scott, and in 1853 from the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Robert Potts, M.A., Trinity College, at his residence in Cambridge, on the 5th inst., aged eighty-three. The deceased took a prominent part in University reforms, was the editor of "Euclid's Elements, with Geometrical Exercises," "Paley's Evidences," &c.

The Rev. John Harries Jones, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of Latin and Greek at Trefecca College, Breconshire, at Southport, on the 21st ult., aged fifty-eight years. The learned doctor was one of the most brilliant scholars in the Principality, and for more than forty years an eminent and much-respected minister of the Calvinistic Methodist Connection. The family of which Dr. Jones was a distinguished member has for generations resided at Danybank, near Llandyffyl, county Cardigan.

Mr. Horace Wigan, the well-known actor and dramatist, brother of the late Alfred Wigan, at Sidcup, on the 7th inst., in his sixty-seventh year. Mr. Wigan made his first appearance in London at the Olympic in 1854, and first attracted notice in 1858. He was identified for several years with important parts in plays by Mr. Tom Taylor; and, in September, 1864, he became sole lessee and manager of the Olympic Theatre, in which capacity he produced several new pieces by the late editor of *Punch*. From 1870 to 1875 Mr. Wigan appeared at various London theatres, and early in the latter year he undertook the management of the Holborn Theatre, which was re-named the Mirror while it was in his hands. The deceased comedian was the author of several farces.

OVER THE PLAINS TO COLORADO.

Two more Sketches, by the Rev. Brooke Herford, of Boston, Massachusetts, representing scenes on the railroad route over the western prairies, from Missouri, through Kansas, to Colorado, are now engraved, in addition to those which we published on July 25. The aspect of these vast plains, with a station on the line every ten or twelve miles, would perhaps be monotonous, but their immensity, like that of the sea, has an inspiring effect on some minds. On the Arkansas river, which flows through the State of Kansas, and upon which Atkinson, a great railway junction, is situated, numerous herds of cattle are pastured for the season before being sent northward or eastward to their market. The American live-stock trade is of enormous and increasing importance.

Professor Huxley has agreed, at the request of the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education, to continue to act as Dean of the Normal School of Science and Royal School of Mines at South Kensington, and also to be responsible for the general direction of the biological instruction therein.

The certificates awarded by the examiners in the Crystal Palace Company's School of Practical Engineering were distributed in the lecture-room in the south tower last Saturday, under the presidency of Rear-Admiral Bedford Pim. The examiners reported very favourably of the students' work in the several departments of the institution, and of the highly satisfactory plan on which it was carried out by the principal and instructors.

The thirty-ninth report of the Commissioners in Lunacy has been issued. The number of lunatics, idiots, and persons of unsound mind on Jan. 1 was 79,704, showing an increase of 1176 on the preceding year; but this total does not include 245 lunatics so found by inquisition, and residing in private houses under the immediate care of their committees, nor 75 male prisoners detained in the wards of convict prisons. Of the total, 7751 were private patients (3950 males and 3801 females), 71,215 were paupers (31,333 males and 39,882 females), and 738 were criminals (556 males and 182 females).

The Duke of Norfolk has accepted the presidency of the congress of the British Archaeological Association, which has been fixed to be held at Brighton in the week commencing Monday next. Excursions have been arranged to the following, among other places of interest in the surrounding district:—Bramber Castle, Arundel Castle, Bognor and Chichester (Roman remains), Cissbury encampment, Old and New Shoreham (Norman and Early English churches), and other churches, Amberley Castle, &c. A special day will be given to Arundel Castle and keep, now under repair, on the invitation of the president. Papers will be read on the above and other subjects at the evening meetings. The congress will close on Saturday, the 22nd, but three extra days in the following week will be devoted to Lewes and other places on the south-eastern coast.

In no way is the spread of art knowledge more strongly demonstrated than in the application of the highest art principles to the production of the common articles of daily life. One has no longer to seek amongst the national art-treasures for examples of the most beautiful forms, or specimens of high-class workmanship. They are to be found in the productions of the great manufacturing firms who have sought the services of clever and talented artists in the production even of some of the humblest articles of domestic service. The catalogues of several of such firms offer in themselves an art education. Such a work is the illustrated catalogue of silverware issued by Messrs. Elkington and Co., containing designs of almost every article fashioned out of silver. Not only is the elaborate and chaste workmanship upon many of the articles represented in all its details, but the effects of glass and silver are rendered most faithfully by the means of French greys and fawn colourings.

The pictures and other works of art selected by the prizeholders of the Art-Union of London this year are on view at the New Galleries of the Art-Union of London, 112, Strand. "Goldfish," by Mr. R. J. Gordon, valued at £100, represents the prize of highest monetary worth. Among the more important of the other paintings are "Friendly Trading" (£75), by Messrs. Waite and Noble; "The Time of Harvest" (£55), by Mr. Clayton Adams; "The Riverside: Evening" (£40), by Mr. G. S. Walters; "The Print Collector" (£33), by Mr. W. J. Chapman; and "I Hope I Don't Intrude" (£20), by Mr. W. H. Trood. The small collection of water-colour drawings comprises works by Messrs. A. W. Weedon, B. D. Sigmund, T. Pyne, Clarence White, A. Powell, and other well-known artists. The highest-priced pictures are "The Attack of the Vanguard" (£210), by Mr. O. W. Brierly; "Saturday Afternoon—Scheveningen" (£60), by Mr. T. B. Hardy; and "A Highland Burn" (£50), by Mr. A. W. Weedon. A terra-cotta bust of the late General Gordon, by Mr. R. B. Stocks, and "Nine Scenes from English History," from works designed for Westminster Palace, by Messrs. C. W. Pope, D. Maclise, and E. W. Ward, will be given as prizes in next distribution.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, Aug. 12.

A further advance has taken place in the value of money, 1½ per cent per annum being now the general rate. It seems to follow, from the recent experience, that the worst of the depression, so conspicuous a few weeks ago, has now been got through, and that by the time the vacation is over we may look for the prevalence of profitable rates. Stock Exchange business is quiet, but almost daily there are some points of interest. The Funds have been prejudiced by the revival of concern as to Afghanistan matters and by the competition with new issues. The French market is under the influence of fears that cholera may catch hold of the principal ports, and such securities as are common to the two markets are adversely affected. Some of our southern railway stocks are being sold, on the ground that vacation traffic may be driven northward, and in other cases the dividend announcements are against prices. American railways continue under the influence of better prospects.

The proposals for the reconstruction of the Wabash, St. Louis, and Pacific Railway Company involve foreclosure and sale, and its purchase on account of the bondholders. It is then proposed to create 30,000,000 dols. debenture bonds, 23,100,000 dols. preferred stock, and 27,800,000 dols. common stock. The present holders of preferred and ordinary stocks are to receive equal amounts of stock in the new company on their subscribing 8 dols. per preferred share and 6 dols. per ordinary share, receiving therefor debenture bonds to the amount of their assessment. To any extent that the stockholders fail to do this, do they forfeit their present holding, and the present bondholders are to take over their liability. Further, the bondholders are, if required, to pay an assessment in cash of 2 per cent. But will the bondholders agree to these plans? If they do not, the alternative seems to be that the line will be broken up under the action of mortgages upon sections of the road, leaving the general mortgage without assets to work upon.

With the view of making all concerned acquainted with the reasons which induce the South-Eastern Company to withhold from the Chatham Company the payments claimed under the "Continental agreement," the secretary of the former company has issued a circular statement. It describes in vigorous language what are regarded as gross violations of the Continental agreement, refers again and again to the pecuniary embarrassments of the Chatham Company having been augmented by the policy complained of, and offers to join the Chatham Board in the promotion of a bill for the reference of all disputes to arbitration. In the meantime, Mr. William Abbott has, at the Chatham meeting, carried his resolution in favour of the fusion of the three Southern lines.

In the Great Northern Railway Company's report is an interesting reference to second-class traffic. From May 1 second-class carriages were abolished in such of the Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, and Derbyshire districts as did not yield second class traffic enough to justify the haulage of a separate class of carriage. The directors add that "it may become advisable to extend this modification." At present, second-class carriages are retained on the main line in the suburban districts of London and in Yorkshire.

The Midland dividend is 4½ per cent per annum, and the Great Western is 4½. The comparison is in each case with 5.

For the third consecutive half-year, the London General Omnibus Company's dividend is 12½ per cent per annum. For a period previously it had been 10, but in good times it is usually 12½, as now.

The general prosperity of road-car traffic of all kinds in the metropolis has led to agitations for a more liberal treatment of the men engaged in it, and, in spite of some apparent reluctance on the part of the officials to admit that there is ground for complaint, it is hardly likely that good results will fail to follow what is now being said. Shareholders cannot easily interfere with administrative details, but a periodical expression of opinion upon substantial grievances must be followed by some degree of remedy.

T. S.

An exhibition of horses, cattle, sheep, poultry, pigeons, and rabbits was held at Tunbridge Wells, on Thursday and Friday.

Sanction has been given by the Queen to the designation of the 19th Hussars as the Princess of Wales's Own, in recognition of their services in Egypt and the Soudan.

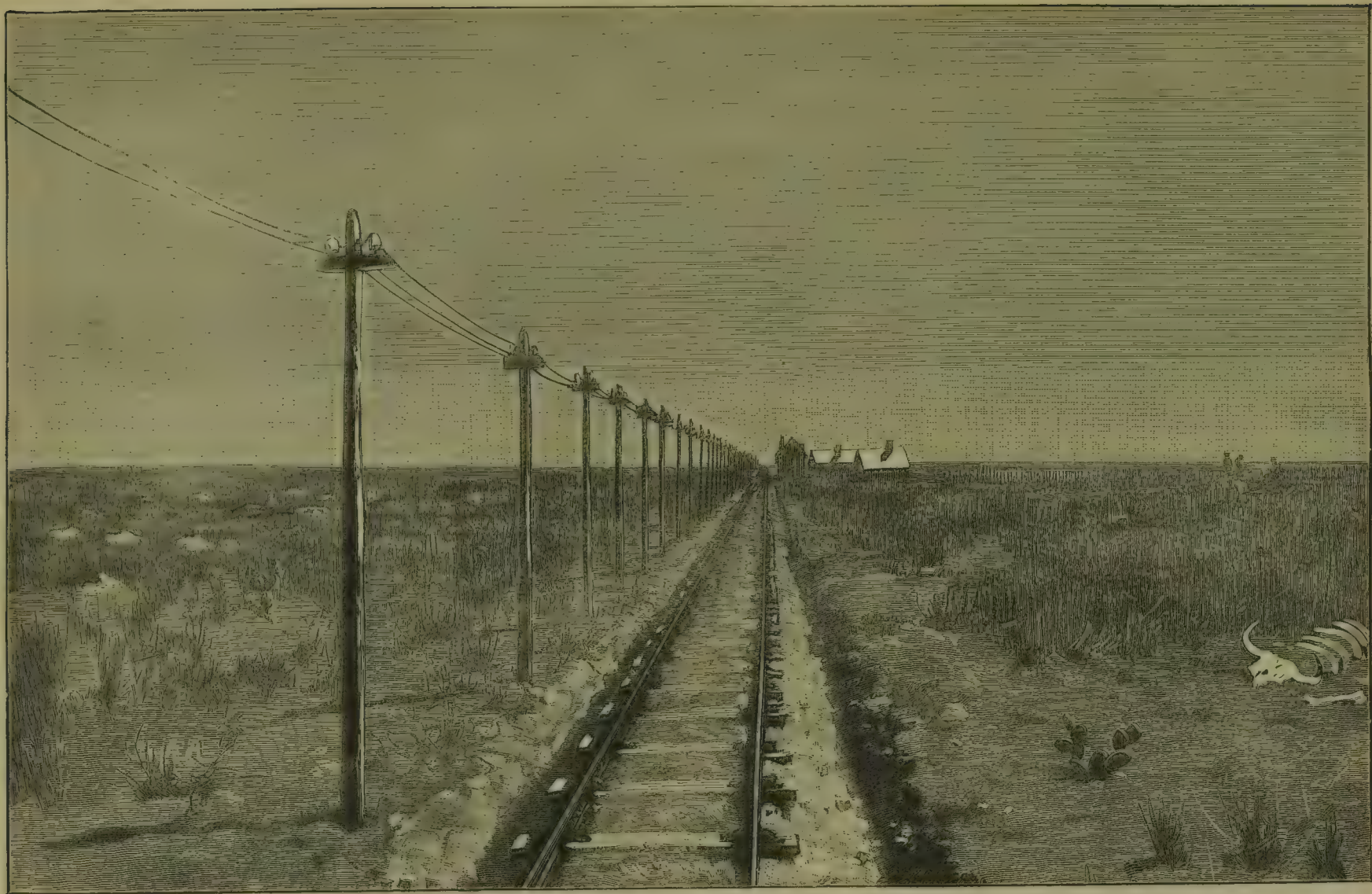
About 6000 Volunteers, representing thirty-five battalions belonging to various parts of England, arrived at Aldershot last Saturday to engage in a week's drill and manoeuvring, in conjunction with the regular troops. The first sham-fight took place on Monday, before the Duke of Cambridge and the Secretary for War. Prince Albert Victor took part in the operations as Lieutenant with his regiment.

The examination for admission to the Staff College to be held in June, 1886, will embrace, under the head of military history and geography, the Franco-German war up to Sedan, with details of the battles of Wörth and Spicheren, the German official account to be used as text-book. Candidates will be required to exhibit a knowledge of the geography of the countries with which they deal. "The Operations of War" of Sir Edward Hamley (Parts I., II., and V.) will form the second part of the examination.

The Clothworkers' Exhibition of eighty guineas a year, and the M. A. Leighton Scholarship of twenty guineas a year, both tenable for three years, offered in connection with the June Entrance Examination of Girtton College, Cambridge, have been awarded to Miss Harriett Frances Askwin, of the Clergy Daughters' School, Bristol; and Miss Maud Frances Syson, of Bedford College, London. The Russell Gurney Scholarship of £45 a year for three years has been awarded to Miss Ethel Gavin, of Maida-vale High School, on the results of an examination in history.

The Volunteer capitation grant will in future be allowed to field and non-combatant officers who have attended a number of drills equal to that requisite in the case of efficient of their corps, and the drills may be of any kind—including inspections and gun practice in class-firing, at the discretion of commanding officers. In the case of acting chaplains, presence in camp alone is necessary; and quartermasters may earn the grant for their corps without drill qualification, on the certificate of commanding officers that they have performed their duties satisfactorily.

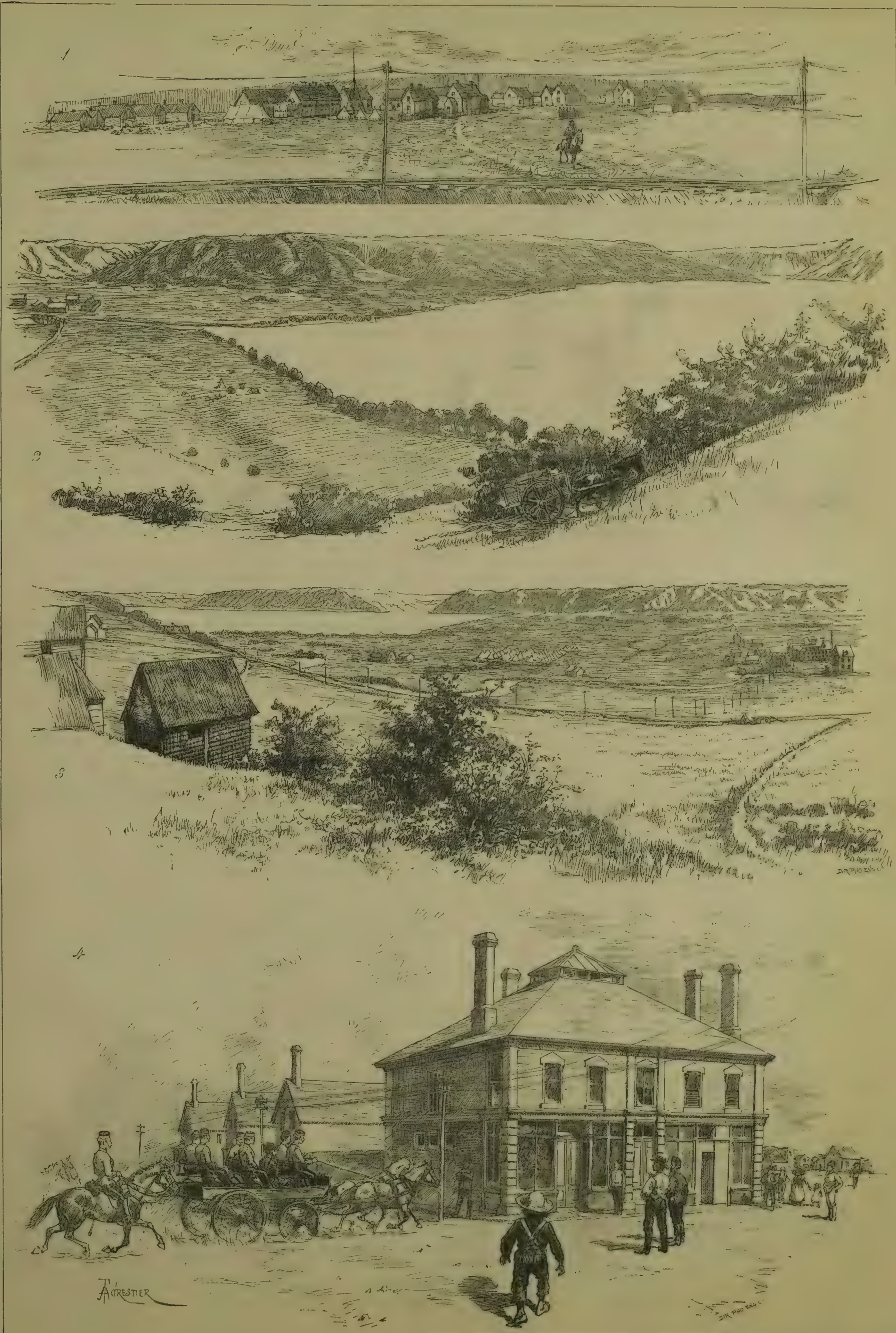
Late yesterday week, the Jersey National Rifle Association's four-days' competitions concluded, after a most successful meeting. The silver medal was taken by J. A. Maret, with 63 points out of a possible 70, and Helliwell's silver trophy by E. A. Amy, with 49 out of a possible 50. The silver challenge cup, given by General Nicholson, late Lieutenant-Governor of Jersey, to be competed for by teams of militia regiments, was won by the East Regiment with a large majority of points. The programme ended with an exciting match between picked teams of Guernsey and Jersey, eight each, at 200, 500, and 600 yards. Jersey was three points in advance at 200 yards, but at 500 yards Guernsey scored twenty ahead, and at 600 yards, after some splendid shooting, headed by seven points, winning the match by twenty-four points. His Excellency Major-General Wray presented the prizes.



APPROACHING A STATION ON THE PLAINS.



CATTLE ON THE ARKANSAS RIVER.
OVER THE PLAINS TO COLORADO.



1. Head-quarters of North-West Mounted Police at Regina, on the Canadian Pacific Railway.
2. Valley of Fort Qu'Appelle, from north side.

3. Camp of 91st Battalion (Manitoba Volunteers), at Qu'Appelle.
4. Court-House at Regina, where Riel, the author of the rebellion, was tried.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

With the parting friendly gathering at Mr. Toole's little comedy house—for the annual "benefit" of this prime public favourite is more like a happy family party than anything else—the summer theatrical season absolutely closed. The general monotony of melodramatic revivals was broken the following (Saturday) evening by the production of a droll Gaiety burlesque, which shall be presently reviewed. But the interest of metropolitan theatre-goers is centred mainly in the new and original drama of "Hoodman Blind" (old English for "Blindman's Buff"), written by Mr. Henry A. Jones and Mr. Wilson Barrett. This piece has been rehearsed with that care and thoroughness for which Mr. Wilson Barrett's management has been renowned; and this earnest and accomplished master of stage illusion will himself appear with a powerful company in "Hoodman Blind," the first performance of which at the Princess's Theatre is announced for Tuesday evening next.

The reopening of the Gaiety Theatre last Saturday night was signalled by the revival of the late Mr. John Oxenford's old Haymarket farcical comedy of "Lord Danderey's Brother Sam," which was followed by the diverting travesty of Mr. Wills's pathetic stage version of "The Vicar of Wakefield." In "Brother Sam," as it was originally called when Buckstone reigned at the Haymarket, the late Mr. Sothern is ably succeeded by his clever son, Mr. Lytton Sothern, who rattles briskly through the mercurial rôle of the imperturbably cool Sam Slingsby, to whom the taking of a friend's house by storm, and the assumption of the part of the puzzled host for three whole days in order to deceive an uncle from whom he has expectations, are trifles light as air. Albeit Mr. Hargreaves, Mr. T. Squire, Miss Laura Linden, and Miss Agnes Hewett, who respectively fill the parts of Mr. Rumbelow, Mr. Trim-bush, Mrs. Trim-bush, and Alice, cannot claim to equal the original representatives of those characters at the Haymarket, they should be credited with keeping up the fun to the end; and it might be hinted to Mr. Lytton Sothern that there is so much akin to the sublime audacity of Lord Randolph Churchill in "Brother Sam" that the talented young actor would probably achieve a "hit" were he to "make up" in a measure like the Secretary for India with a dark wig and dark curly moustache à la Churchill. Voice and manner being already peculiarly like those of Lord Randolph Churchill, "Brother Sam" would only need to change the colour of his hirsute adornments to render the illusion complete. Mr. H. P. Stephens and Mr. W. Yardley are responsible for the authorship of the so-called "respectful burlesque perversion," entitled "The Vicar of Wideawake-field; or, the Miss-Terry-ous Uncle"; and the music is supplied by the facile composer who hides his identity under the nom de plume of "Florian Pascal." It is a pity that burlesque, as a rule, is not rehearsed as assiduously as melodrama now is at the West-End houses. Had this essential to success been observed at the Gaiety, the new travesty would, from the first, have gone far more quickly and smoothly. With practice, however, this desired celerity of performance, and the touch-and-go lightness indispensable in this class of work, may still be obtained. In which case, "The Vicar of Wideawakefield" will probably be accepted as providing Gaiety audiences with the staple of amusement they have been accustomed to support. The "respectful burlesque

perversion" is, in the meantime, a capital advertisement for "Olivia," with which the Lyceum is to be reopened. The droll mimicry of the idiosyncrasies of Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, by Mr. Arthur Roberts and Miss Laura Linden as Dr. Primrose and Olivia, is infinitely entertaining. Exceedingly diverting is Mr. Roberts, especially in the development of the second and secret character of the worthy Vicar—an irresistible tendency to indulge in such venial vices as the "three-card trick." Miss Violet Cameron carries off the musical honours by her richly melodious singing of the songs which fall to the lot of the gay and handsome Squire Th. rhill, particularly deserving the warm applause it gained being the love-ditty of "Only a little while, love," the air of which is charmingly tuneful. Equally winsome are the choruses, sung by the comely lads and lasses of the village, and the quaint company of bluecoat boys. It is in the long blue coat and yellow stockings of this famous school that Moses (Mr. J. Jarvis) appears; and he mates with one of the sprightliest and prettiest of Polly Plamboroughs in Miss Sylvia Grey, whose dainty dancing and chic skip-ping-rope performance are the brightest features of the burlesque. Nor should the spirit and humour evinced by Miss Harriet Covey as Mrs. Primrose escape recognition; nor the arch flirtation of Miss Agnes Hewett as Sophia with the too-forbidding Mr. Burchell of Mr. T. Squire. It should be stated that the Lyceum scenery and acting both are closely copied in "The Vicar of Wideawakefield" at the Gaiety.

An exhibition of fruit and flowers was held on Tuesday in the conservatory of the Royal Horticultural Society, South Kensington. The fruit exhibits were of a high class.

The steamer Waroonga sailed from Glasgow last week for Queensland with the following emigrants on board, viz.:—212 single men, 92 single women, married couples and children equal to 153 souls.

Mr. George Augustus Sala, in the course of his peregrinations on a lecturing tour through the United States and Australia, reached San Francisco some time ago, passing on thence to Australia. On Wednesday the *Daily Telegraph* published a long letter, of course a most amusing and interesting one, from the distinguished journalist, in which he described his last night in San Francisco. It was devoted to a visit to China Town.

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THE LATE REBELLION IN CANADA.

The rebellion of some of the French half-breeds and native Indian tribes in the North-West Territory of Canada is now an affair of the past, having been energetically subdued by General F. Middleton, C.B., commanding the forces of the Canadian Dominion. Some illustrations of the late campaign on the North Saskatchewan and the Batoche rivers, from Sketches by Captain H. De Haig, R.E., Assistant Quarter-master-General, have appeared in this Journal. We are indebted to Mr. R. Bruce Urmston, a private in the Brandon Company of the 91st Battalion (Manitoba Volunteers), for the Sketches published this week. Two of them are views of the valley of Qu'Appelle, with the lake, which abounds with fish; the fort erected by the Hudson's Bay Company; the wooden houses occupied by the North-West Mounted Police; the road leading to Batoche and Prince Albert; and the camp of the 91st Battalion, which was 430 strong. The other two Sketches were taken at Regina, the new capital of the North-West Territory, situated on the Canadian Pacific Railway, thirty-three miles beyond Qu'Appelle, and 356 miles west of the town of Winnipeg. The seat of government was formerly at Battleford, much further off, on the North Saskatchewan, but was transferred to Regina, which will some day be an important city. Among the few simple buildings now to be seen at Regina, and shown in our correspondent's Sketches, are the prison in which Louis Riel, the author of the late rebellion, and some of his comrades, were detained awaiting their trial; and the Court-house, where the trial has since been held, with the head-quarters of the North-West Territory Mounted Police, some of whom are patrolling in front of the barracks. In the foreground of one view is observed the guard of soldiers of the 91st Battalion undergoing an inspection before they go on duty; in the other, which shows the street in front of the Court-house, Riel is seen brought up by the police in a spring-cart, escorted by others behind. He was defended on his trial by counsel, who set up a plea of insanity, but Riel himself protested against that line of defence, and pretended to justify his mischievous conduct on grounds of justice and religion. It is still thought by many that the capital sentence will not be carried into execution, as he appears to be a poor vain creature, and subject to fanatical delusions. At Montreal, we learn by the latest news, the French Canadians are making all possible efforts to induce the Government to spare Riel's life. The Government organs hold out little hope of a commutation of the sentence, however, saying that the public interests demand that this twice guilty rebel, who has also committed murder, shall not escape a second time from the consequences of his crimes on mere suspicion of insanity.

The Judges rose on Wednesday for the Long Vacation, which lasts until Saturday, Oct. 24.

Mr. Cecil Clementi Smith (Administrator and Colonial Secretary of the Straits Settlements) has been appointed to be Lieutenant-Governor and Colonial Secretary of Ceylon.

Mr. R. Caton Woodville, the distinguished battle-painter, and one of the principal Artists of the *Illustrated London News*, is the subject of the "Celebrity at Home" in last week's *World*. The writer gives an exceedingly vivid description of this clever artist and of his studio.

THE ROSES AND THE LILIES OF THE
FACE, AND SOAP.

FAMOUS ENGLISH, IRISH, AND AMERICAN BEAUTIES.

One of the gallant poets of France wrote of Mary, Queen of Scots, that her complexion was "clear as a hen's egg with a blush on it," and it is certain Elizabeth was as jealous of Mary's wonderful transparency of complexion as of her claims to the English throne. That lovely but wicked Countess of Essex who compassed the death of Sir Thomas Overbury was also noted for her clearness of skin.

The celebrated Irish beauties—the three Misses Gunning—all of whom married Dukes, are said to have had complexions so transparent that when they rode over the "Lady's Mile," what was passing around them could be seen in their faces as in a mirror. They left Dublin with a five-pound note and two silk dresses among them to take London by storm, and the wits of the time averred the last words of their father on their leaving were, "Your faces are your fortunes; be virtuous, be modest, and don't be afraid of soap." Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, preserved her charms far beyond middle age and her lovely complexion to the last. Georgiana was a Whig and a warm partisan of the orator Charles James Fox, for whose sake she permitted one hundred electors to take a gold coin from between her lips with their teeth. This was bribery and kissing at the same time, and Fox was returned at the head of the poll. When asked by the Prince Regent where she obtained the roses and the lilies on her face, the answer was, "Soap furnishes one, your Royal Highness, and water the other."

Our American women of to-day have attained to the perfection of severe Grecian beauty of feature, as the Parisians, those modern Athenians, are willing to testify, and were their complexions as bright as their faces are classic, would throw the English countenances far in the shade. Perhaps Cuticura Soap will aid them in achieving this triumph of art as well as nature.

Mrs. Virginia Fiske, who died a few months ago in Baltimore, had a beauty strictly American, now recognised as a distinct type. She was acknowledged to be the most fascinating woman at the Tuileries when Napoleon III. was in his glory. The Countess De Castiglione was the belle of Paris before Mrs. Fiske appeared above the horizon.

Madame Marisani, née Laura Smith, of Baltimore, wife of the Mexican Secretary of State, is an American blonde of the patrician type. She is a more beautiful woman than either Mrs. Langtry or Lady Lonsdale, but not being professional, her name is not noised abroad so much. She met the Shah of Persia in Paris in 1859, and so captivated his Majesty with her overpowering beauty that he at once offered to make her second in command among his wives. Declined with thanks. Though she refused his hand in marriage, the lovely American

accepted from the successor of Cyrus a highly perfumed paste or soap, used extensively in Persia, the land of roses and sherbets. This soap, until then thought to be used by the ladies of the Shah's harem only, was found, when analysed, to possess several of the same properties as Cuticura Soap. The perfume of the Eastern *savon de toilette* is more powerful than that of the latter, but not so agreeable. In skimming the cream of American beauty, we must not forget Miss Mary Anderson, who has so completely vanquished the Cockney heart, much to the chagrin of Miss Chamberlain and Mrs. Cornwallis West. Miss Anderson is essentially of the American type. Her complexion is unique and absolutely perfect, and than she no one is more willing to acknowledge that she owes her spiritual appearance, in a great measure, to the free use of Cuticura Soap, which has been a favourite with her since it was discovered, or rather recovered from the lumber store of things and arts that have from time to time been lost.

Among other lovely women of face and figure of the purely American type, are Miss Van Rensselaer Cruger and Miss Langdon, of New York, both with European reputation. But, in truth, the mention of any American city as containing fair women par excellence is invidious when Baltimore, New Orleans, and San Francisco are considered, not forgetting Brooklyn, of the æsthetic in style. It is strangely characteristic of civilised human nature, that it prefers to be considered as having inherited to having made fortunes, and on the same principle to having been born beautiful to having cultivated beauty. This weakness accounts for the few reigning belles to be found as frank as the Duchess of Devonshire and Miss Anderson. That beauty can be cultivated to an extent little dreamed of by those who have heretofore laboured only to destroy it, by the use of poisonous washes and powders, is established by the testimony of thousands of beautiful women, who have relied solely upon the Cuticura Soap. Upon this point Dr. Blodgett, a noted authority on the skin, in his recent comparative analysis of skin soaps, says:—

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"In conclusion, I am obliged to say that an unprejudiced, critical examination shows it to be the highest type of a pure medicinal skin soap, in which statement I am joined by the analytical chemists of the State of Massachusetts."

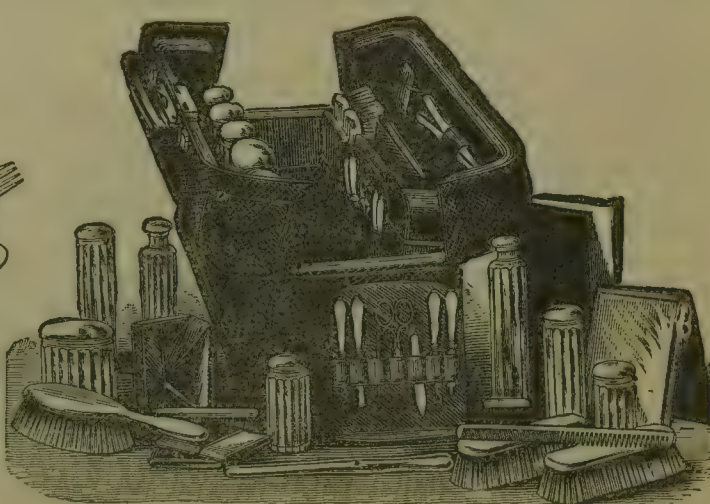
The opinion of scientists that there is in nature a subtle essence, possessing curative and beautifying properties, is thus confirmed, and whether this essence is concealed in the baths of Cleopatra, the supposed philters of the almost immortal Ninon de l'Enclos, the Jordan water of Madame Rachel, or the now world-renowned Cuticura Soap, it is an inestimable blessing when utilised for the general good.—*Harper's Bazar*.



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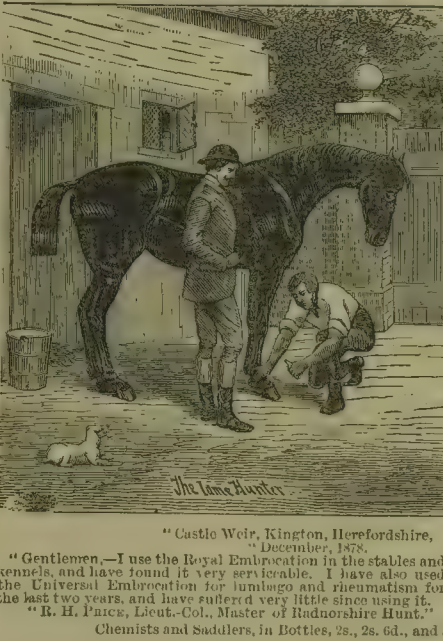
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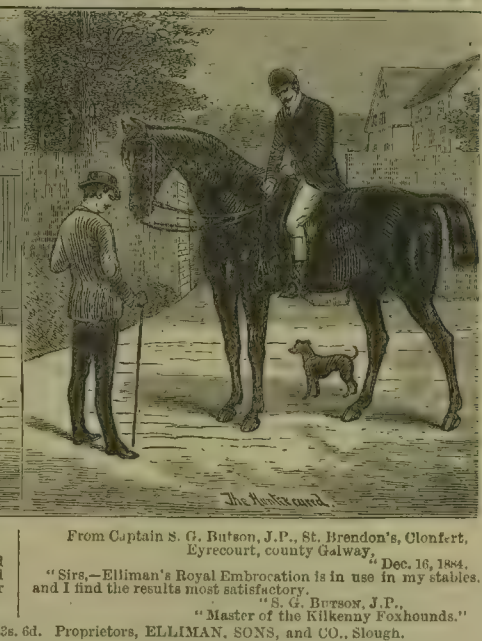
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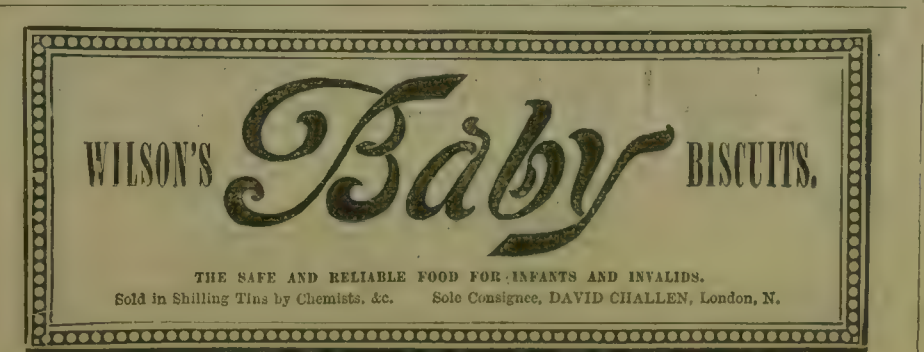
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Aug. 10, 1885.

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THE MASTER OF THE MINE.

SEE NEXT PAGE.



Down the path we rushed till we reached the shore.



Drawing my clasp-knife, I cut her free.

THE MASTER OF THE MINE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN

CHAPTER XI.

THE GREAT STORM.

It was now late in the year, and the winter storms were beginning. There were intervals of calm cool weather, when the wind came from the east or south-east, and still frosty days, when a breath as cold as steel crept from the red sunrise of the north; but ever and again the trumpet of the tempest sounded westward and southward, and the ocean rose up before it in mountains of furious storm.

To stand on the seashore, or on the weather-worn cliffs, at such moments, was an experience not to be forgotten. With a sound of crashing thunder, with sheet-like flashes of flying foam, the mighty billows came rolling in; while far away, in the eye of the wind, the clouds gathered and baleful rays came and went, as if from the under world. Again and again, during these storms, the men forsook their work in the mine and clustered on the wind-swept crags; for the sound beneath was too terrible, and at each crash of the waters overhead the solid roofs of rock seemed about to topple in.

A new life-boat had come round from Falmouth during the summer; it was manned chiefly by workers in the mine, and I was their captain. We had tried the boat again and again in light weather, and were proud of her as life-boatmen could be; so that, when need came, we were ready to do all that human hands could do for the succour of shipwrecked souls. Fortunately, few vessels came that way, to need our aid in time of peril, for the great ships gave that lonely shore a wide berth, knowing its many perils. Sometimes, however, a coasting-vessel, heavily laden, came ashore on the outlying reefs, but, thanks to our sturdy boat, without much loss of life.

On the afternoon of the 22nd day of November, 18—, there occurred such a phenomenon as I have seen only once in my life, and scarcely expect to see again. The ocean was dead calm and black as ink; the sooty clouds, with sheets of windless vapour trailing right down to the earth and water, kept stationary in a sort of sinister twilight; and the air was full of an extraordinary stillness, in which the concussion of the slightest sound—a cock crowing, a goat bleating, a human voice crying—was heard for miles away.

I had just been down the mine, where I found the men had ceased working, and had gathered in knots, whispering together. For all through the dark galleries and passages there came, from time to time, a curious tremor, like the shock of earthquake—sullen, sinister, terrible, making the heart, for some unknown reason, stand still with fear. Nor was this sound to be accounted for by the dashing of waves above that subaqueous darkness, since there was not a breath of wind, and the sea lay in sullen, moveless folds, scarcely vibrating.

"What is it, my lads?" I had asked, accosting the first group of men, who were clustering on the central platform.

As I spoke, the tremor came again, so that the walls seemed tumbling over, the hard ground rocking under me, with a vibration which seemed to send a nameless terror into my very blood.

My uncle, who was there with the others, shook his head ominously.

"We dawns't rightly knaw," he said; "but we ha' hard 'un again and again, sounding like that. Seems threatening like, and I ha' bidden the gang knock off wark for to-day."

I knew that it was useless to remonstrate, for the men were evidently full of superstitious dread, which, if the truth must be told, I could not help sharing. They threw down their pickaxes and shovels, and followed me up the shaft.

We found Johnson there, who seemed astonished at our appearance, and, when I told him what had taken place, looked savage.

"You're spoiling the men, Trelawney," he said. "Guess such nervous fancies are only fit for an old woman. Why, the sea's like a mill-pond, and there aint a breath of wind."

"If you think it's only fancy," I replied, "come down with me and try. I'll give you a five-pound note if you stop down there half an hour."

He shrank back and shook his head angrily, while the men, clustering round us, greeted my speech with a laugh.

"I shall report this," he cried, viciously. "A pack of cowards!"

And he walked off, amid an angry murmur from the men, who detested him cordially.

As the afternoon passed, and the dull leaden twilight increased, we saw, looking seaward, the phenomenon to which I have alluded: two suns, one round and purple, the other pink and ghostly, floating in the vapours to the west. Both were quite rayless, and they hung as it were some fifty yards from each other. Both seemed so near to us that one would have thought it possible to reach them with a bullet from a gun.

I cannot express in words the strangely depressing and vaguely alarming effect of this phenomenon on myself and all who witnessed it. Nor was the effect lessened when the dimmer of the two suns suddenly disappeared, and the other changed in a moment from purple to jet black. A jet black ball in the midst of a waste of leaden grey.

"Lawd save us!" cried Martin Treruddock, an old fisherman, and one of our life-boat's crew. "Lawd save us! It looks like judgment, mates—like the Last Day!"

This, indeed, was the thought which was passing through all our minds. We stood looking in suspense till the black sun disappeared, and total darkness came; and then, with no little foreboding, we scattered to our homes.

But in the night, as we lay sleeping in our beds, we learned that what we had witnessed betokened, not any supernatural disturbance, but the gathering of such a tempest as has seldom been seen, before or since, on those shores. It came with fearful lightning and close-following thunder, followed by drops of black and hideous hail; and then, with a crash and a scream and cry, the wind rushed from the sea. I lay in my bed in the cottage, thinking every moment that the house would come down, shaking as it did to its foundations, or the roof be blown away; and every minute the blasts grew more terrific, not coming in broken gusts as during ordinary storms, but in concussions of solid air, which struck the walls with blows as of a battering ram, and made every stone in the structure clatter like a loose tooth.

Presently, I saw my uncle, partially dressed and holding a light, enter my chamber.

"Hugh, my lad, be you asleep?"

"As if anyone could sleep on such a night! I thought yesterday's portent meant something. The storm has come!"

"Mother be frightened badly," he returned. "She be praying, lad, dawn i' the kitchen. Lawd save us; hark to that!" he added, as a flash of fiery lightning filled the room, and wind and thunder mingled together in awful reverberation.

There was no resting in bed, so I slipped on my clothes and went down with my uncle to the kitchen, where I found my aunt full of superstitious terror. She had got out the old Bible, and, having opened at random, was reading in a low voice from one of the Psalms. I did my best to allay her fears, but succeeded very badly.

For the greater part of the night we remained sitting up. The thunder and lightning lasted well on till morning, and when they ceased, it became possible for the first time to realise the frightful violence of the gale. It was, as I afterwards learned, a well-defined cyclone.

With the first peep of daylight, I seized my hat and moved to the door.

"Whar be'st gawing, lad?" cried my aunt.

"Down to the shore. It's a high spring-tide, and I want to see if the life-boat's snug."

"Na, na," she cried, "stawp yar!"

But I only smiled at her fears, and hastened away. No sooner had I left the cottage than the wind caught me, and almost dashed me from my feet; but I stooped my head, and plunged right on in the teeth of the gale. The day was now breaking, with lurid sullen rays, behind my back. Short as the distance was to the seashore, I thought I should never reach it, so terrible was the fury of the blast! More than once I had actually to lie down on the ground and let it trample over me! And with the blast came hail and heavy rain, blinding me, smiting my cheek like whipcord, and drawing blood, so that I could scarcely see a yard before my face.

At last I gained the cliff, and here I had much ado to prevent myself from being lifted up bodily and blown away. But I threw myself on my face, and looked seaward. Nothing was visible, only driving mists and vapours; but right below there was a blinding whiteness of the line of breakers, and thence there rose up to me, together with the wild wisps of solid wind-swept water, the deafening thunder-roar of the tumultuously surging sea.

Gaining courage presently, as the light in the east grew clearer, I crawled down the path leading to the shore. As I went, I was sometimes flattened like a rag against the rocks, by the sheer force of the wind; but I persevered, and at last, with God's help, reached the bottom.

It was high tide; the roaring billows were thundering up close to the cliff, and the shallow creek surrounding the boat-house was as white as milk with the churning of the waters. I then perceived, to my consternation, that the gale had struck the boat-house with such force as to sweep the wooden roof away and dash it into fragments against the cliffs. I crept on to the door, which was on the lee and sheltered side, drew forth from my pocket the key of the padlock, opened it, and went in. The great boat lay there unharmed, but was half full of water, fresh from the dark rain-clouds, salt from the angry sea. One of the oars had been lifted out and snapped like a rotten twig, but that was all.

Suddenly, as I stood here sheltering from the gale, I heard a sound from seaward, like the sound of a gun. I started, listening. In a minute the sound was repeated. Yes; it was a gun at sea, and the sound could have only one signification—a vessel in distress!

Quitting the boat-house, I stood on the shore, and strained my eyes against the drifting vapours and blinding wind; but I could distinguish nothing—indeed, so great was the rainy darkness, that my vision could not penetrate beyond twenty or thirty yards from the storm-swept shore. But if I needed any fresh assurance that a ship of some sort was struggling with the elements not far away, it came to me in another faint report of a gun, and finally, in the red light of a rocket, which shot up through the black vapours like a shooting star, and disappeared!

CHAPTER XII.

THE SURVIVORS OF THE WRECK.

Quitting the storm-swept shore, I climbed halfway up the crags, and endeavoured, with straining eyes, to penetrate the darkness seaward; but although it was now broad day, the clouds of wind-blown vapour still covered the troubled sea.

Greatly agitated, I made my way up the cliff, and reached the summit, where I found that an excited group, composed of fishermen and miners, had already gathered. Among them was my uncle, who addressed me eagerly the moment I appeared.

"Did you say the lights, lad? Sure as death, there be a ship on the rocks out thar!"

"On the South Stack," said an old fisherman, naming an ugly reef which lay right across the mouth of the bay, three quarters of a mile from shore.

"Are you sure she's there?" I asked, eagerly.

"Sure enough," was the reply. "When the last light went oop, I saw 'un—leastways, summat black amang the mist and foam."

There was nothing for it but to wait and watch; for to go to the rescue in the teeth of such a storm was out of the question, even if we had been able to launch the life-boat through the billows madly breaking on the shore. The wind still blew with extraordinary fury, though signs were not wanting that its strength was partially broken; and still, with thunderous roar, the waves came rolling in, sending up a cloud of white foam that reached to the very summit of the cliff where we were crouching; and still, trailing as it were on the waves and belching hither and thither, like thick smoke from a furnace, the mist came driving shoreward, blotting the sea from sight.

From time to time the gun sounded again; then it ceased altogether; and no more rockets rose, to indicate the whereabouts of the hidden vessel. Was all over? Had the cruel seas devoured her, with the helpless souls on board? Sick with suspense, we waited and watched; almost certain that the last appeal had been made, and that all was over.

Suddenly, the storm-smoke blew upward here and there, leaving visible wild patches of tossing water. Simultaneously, the wind lessened, coming not in solid phalanx, but in gusts, fitful though terrible—very cannon blasts of air.

A wild cry rose, and all hands were suddenly pointed seaward.

Then, straining my eyes through the blinding rain, I saw something like a white wall of vapour rising right out to sea in the direction of the South Stack, and right in its centre the black outline of a large vessel, wedged firmly on the jagged rocks. For a moment she was visible, then the vapours blotted her once more from sight. A minute afterwards, she was again visible, this time more distinctly, so that I could clearly discern a black funnel and two masts, a mainmast intact, a foremast broken off just above the decks. She was a large screw-steamer, with her back broken right across, and only saved from sinking by the very rocks which had destroyed her.

How she had got into that fatal position, it was difficult to tell. Possibly her propeller had snapped, as is not uncommon with such vessels, or the water had swamped her engines and put them out; in either of which cases, seeing how little sail she would be able to carry at the best, it had been a vain task to attempt to beat off a lee shore in the face of such a gale.

She was so far away, and the mists were still so troublesome, that it was difficult to tell if there were any souls still left on board. More than once I fancied that I discerned shapes like human forms clinging to or lashed to the rigging of the mainmast, but it was impossible to distinguish them with any certainty.

However, my mind was now made up. The life-boat must be launched and manned without delay. I turned to the men and said as much, but they shrank back in unconcealed terror

at the mere proposition. And, indeed, it seemed a hopeless affair! Although the wind had certainly fallen a little, its falling seemed to augment, rather than to lessen, the fury of the sea. The waters between us and the vessel were terrible even to look upon; and it seemed impossible that even a life-boat could live among them. Even if she lived, how could the strength of men propel her right in the teeth of the tempest?

While the men stood hesitating, the mists rose all round the ship, and we saw, to our amazement, that a stir was taking place upon her decks. Yes; there could be no doubt of the fact; a boat was preparing to leave her sides, and, freighted with human beings, push away for the shore.

Never shall I forget that sight! Just in the lee of the crippled vessel, under the cloud of white smoke which rose for a moment high above her remaining mast, there was a heaving patch where the boat could float in safety; but beyond it, and nearer to us the waves rose again in awful crested billows whirling and swirling towards the shore. Seen from our point of vantage, the boat seemed a mere cockle-shell; but we saw the tiny specks crowding into it, while the broken water streamed like milk over the vessel's decks and down her shoreward sides.

"God help them!" I cried aloud, and more than one voice echoed my prayer.

The boat pushed off. The under-swell caught her and rushed her along at lightning speed, and in a few moments she reached the broken water. There the wind seemed to smite her sidelong, and she was buried instantaneously in the trough of the sea. But she reappeared, half smothered in surf and flying foam. Then we saw, rapidly approaching her, a mountainous and awful wave!

The little boat, as if it were a living thing, seemed to see it too, and to struggle to escape! Sick with horror, I covered my eyes; I could not look. Then I heard a deep groan from the men around me, and looked again.

The boat had gone, never to reappear. The mighty wave had broken and was roaring shoreward, and amid its foam I saw, or seemed to see, shapes that struggled, sank, and died.

"Man the life-boat!" I cried. "Quick, lads! Follow me!"

My uncle gripped me by the arm.

"Too late, lad! There's ne'er a sawl aboard!"

"Look yonder!" I answered, pointing seaward. "There are living men on the deck still, and in the rigging. Come!"

The lads, who were English born and had their hearts in the right places, responded with a cheer, and down the path we rushed till we reached the shore. Entering the boat-house, we soon had the boat baled and ready for launching, when I first realised, to my dismay, that we were short-handed, several of my best men being away. But two strong lads from the mine volunteered, and my uncle made a third; and so we formed a crew. To every man I gave a cork life-belt, and tied on one myself. Then, springing to my place in the stern, I urged on my men, as with shouts and yells, scarcely heard amid the roar of water, they ran the boat into the creek.

Each man knew his place. They urged the boat, bow forward, into the surge, and waded with it, those the furthest from shore wading breast-deep in the waves. Thrice we were beaten back, and I thought the boat would have been crushed to pieces on the beach, but at last she floated—the men leaped in and took their places—the oars smote the boiling surge, and out we crept to sea.

Once fairly afloat, we realised for the first time the strength and fury of the storm. Clouds of flying foam covered us, the strong seas caught the oars and almost tore them from the grasp, and for a time we scarcely seemed to gain a foot of way. But the lads put out their strength, and sheer muscle and bold heroic will conquering at last, the life-boat left the shore.

And now I alone, standing in the stern-sheets, with the steering oar in my hand, could see what mountainous seas we had to pass before we could reach the doomed vessel, which was now scarcely discernible through the sheet of low-flying spray. As some great wave came near, curling high above us, I cheered on the men, and we met it with a shock like thunder and a rattle of every plank of which the boat was made. More than once the seas made a clean breach over us, but the airtight compartments and cushions of cork kept us from actually foundering. On we went, with the light of the kindling east turning from red to reddish-gold behind us, and the mists, struck by the new radiance, thinning to seaward; and so, after a fierce tussle with wind and water, we came in full sight of the doomed vessel.

Stuck fast on the cruel reef, her back broken, she was struggling like a crippled bird—lying over, with her decks and funnel inclined towards the shore, and quivering through and through with every blow of the strong metallic waves. A pillar of smoky foam, ever vanishing, ever renewed, hung over her in the air, and from time to time the waters foamed over her weather side, and streamed over the splitting decks.

At first I could discern no sign of life, but as we drew nearer and nearer, I saw one or two figures clinging in the rigging, from which many of their comrades had doubtless been washed away. They saw us coming, for one of them waved something white.

"Pull for your lives!" I cried. "There are men aboard!"

The lads answered me with a cheer, and the boat shot forward to the steady sweep of their united oars till we were within a hundred yards of the steamer.

Then I saw a sight which filled all my soul with fear and pity. Lashed to, or clinging to, the mainmast, was the solitary figure of a woman. I knew her sex by the wild hair falling over her shoulders, and the curious feminine grace of her form, visible through a dark cloak that had been thrown hastily upon her shoulders; but her head was drooping and her face hidden, and she did not seem conscious of what was taking place.

I told the men that a woman was there, and though they needed no new incentive to give them strength, their faces grew more animated, and I knew they would have faced fire as well as water in such a cause. In a few minutes more we were close at hand, rising and falling on the white surge in the vessel's lee.

Then the woman raised her head, and looked in our direction. The men saw her, and gave another cheer; but I—I could have swooned away in consternation. My head went round. I looked again and again.

Either I was mad, or dreaming, or the face I gazed upon was that of the love of my boyhood—Madeline Graham!

CHAPTER XIII.

MADELINE GRAHAM.

Yes; I knew her in a moment.

The lurid light of the tempestuous morning shone full upon her face, and on the clinging dress and cloak, which more expressed than hid her lovely form. Her eyes were wildly fixed, her face pale as death; but in her features there was a splendid self-possession far removed from common fear.

Though so many years had passed since we had last met, she was still the same; only taller and more womanly, and even more strangely beautiful than when she had first shed love and rapture on my boyish heart.

She was fastened to the mast by a rope. Her feet were

bare, and I saw, to my horror, that all she wore save the great fur cloak was a night-dress of white cotton, reaching to her feet. Her hair fell over her shoulders in loose and dripping folds, descending almost to her waist. Peering more closely, I perceived that her lips were blue, and her form shivering with cold; indeed, it was a miracle that she had not perished in the chill of that cruel night.

From that moment I saw nothing but that one figure; all others were blurred and practically unseen. In my wild amazement and eagerness to reach her, I could have sprung into the tossing waves.

The vessel lay sidelong, her decks turned towards the shore; and the fierce billows, striking her seaward sides, broke with a thunderous roar and a cloud of spray, and then came surging down the slippery decks in a thin sheet of foam, boiling round the naked feet of the solitary maiden.

We hung off for a minute, to let one great sea go by; then we swept alongside. What followed was more like a dream than waking reality. But with an eager cry I leapt upon the deck, and staggered up towards Madeline Graham.

Twice I slipped to my knees, and was driven back and bruised against the bulwarks; but the third time I succeeded, and, reaching her side, clung to the mast, and gazed into her face.

"Madeline!" I cried.

Her eyes met mine, but she gave no sign of recognition. It was clear that what I remembered so vividly she had utterly forgotten.

Drawing my clasp-knife, I cut her free, and put my arms around her to bear her back to the boat. The decks rocked and split beneath us; she clung to me, as if in terror. Then I watched my chance, and, raising her bodily in my arms, carried her to the vessel's side, and handed her to the men.

I was about to follow her, when I was attracted by a wild scream, and, turning, I perceived the figure of another woman crawling on the deck, close to the companion. She was dark-complexioned, like a mulatto, and almost naked. Without a moment's hesitation, I ran to her, and half lifted, half dragged her, to the vessel's side.

I now perceived that we had saved, in addition to the two women, two white seamen and a black man, who afterwards turned out to be the ship's cook. I clung to the bulwarks, and looked round, searching for any other signs of life.

"Come, lad, come!" cried my uncle. "Quick! the ship's breaking up!"

I looked at the strange sailors, who sat shivering in the bottom of the life-boat.

"Are there no more souls aboard?" I cried.

"Not one," they answered. All the rest had perished in the long-boat, in the fatal attempt to reach the shore.

There was not a moment to be lost. The vessel was evidently doomed, and every shock of the sea threatened to complete the work of destruction. The black funnel, almost wrenched out of the bursting decks, was leaning over terribly, and threatening every moment to crash down bodily and destroy the life-boat.

I leapt in, and scrambled to my place in the stern. On the seat close by me was Madeline, her eyes half closed, her neck resting on the gunnel; and at her feet was the coloured woman, moaning and crying.

It was but the work of a moment to strip off my pilot-coat and wrap it round Madeline's half-naked limbs; but while I did so the men cried impatiently, and pushed off.

"Give way, lads!" I cried. "Now! Pull for your lives!"

Away we went through the surging sea. Not a minute too soon did we leave the vessel; for ere we were thirty yards away the decks were rent asunder, and the huge funnel toppled over and fell like a battering ram upon the bulwarks, which broke like tinder beneath the blow.

With wind and sea to urge us on, we flew shoreward, and the strength of the oarsmen was needed rather to break than to increase our lightning speed. Again and again the great seas rose behind and threatened to engulf us; while gripping the steering oar I watched them, and guided the brave boat.

At last we approached the shore, and saw a great crowd waiting upon the shingle and swarming upon the cliff. Tossing like a cork upon the waters, we waited our chance, and then, after one huge wave had spent itself, and there was a momentary surcease of the water's power, I headed the boat's bow for the creek, and we rowed in.

As the keel struck the sands, a dozen men rushed in waist-deep to seize the boat; our men joined them, and then, with a long pull, a strong pull, and a great ringing cheer, the boat was hauled high and dry, and we were safe.

My first thought was of Madeline. I lifted her out in my strong arms, and carried her into the shelter of the boat-house. Her face and hands were cold as ice, and she was still swooning. I called out for brandy; and thank God! a man handed me a full flask. Supporting her head upon my shoulder, I moistened her lips with the raw spirit, and once more, in my wild anxiety, I breathed her name.

Once more she opened her eyes and looked upon me; still there was no sign whatever of recognition.

She looked wildly round her, saw the rough but kindly faces on every side, and murmured:

"Where am I? Who calls me?"

"You are quite safe," I cried; "safe, and among friends."

Again she looked up unto my face, as if stupefied. I held the flask to her lips, and she seemed to swallow a little; then a shudder ran through her frame, and she released herself from my hold.

I placed her on one of the wooden seats, and bent over her, tenderly watching her. Gradually I saw the colour come back to her cheeks, but very faintly.

"Anita!" she murmured, and looked round as if seeking someone.

The rough fellows, clustering in the boat-house, murmured sympathisingly; whispered encomiums on her beauty passed from mouth to mouth. And indeed she looked strangely lovely, even in her desolation—her eyes brightening, her colour coming and going, her hair streaming over her shoulders, her neck and arms and feet as white as driven snow!

As her strength and consciousness returned, a new awe fell upon me, and I stood timidly watching her.

She gazed at me again.

"Now I understand," she said. "Tell me of the others—are they saved?"

I told her the truth, and again she shuddered, half closing her eyes, as if to shut out the picture of the horrors of the wreck. At that moment some of the life-boat's men appeared, leading with them the coloured woman, who, the instant she saw Madeline, sprang towards her and knelt by her side, hysterically sobbing, and kissing her hands.

Madeline bent over her and addressed her in some foreign tongue—Portuguese, I afterwards discovered. She answered volubly in the same speech. I suspected the truth, that this black girl was an attendant or waiting-maid of some sort, and that Madeline was her mistress.

Turning to one of the rescued sailors, who had now approached and was phlegmatically chewing a quid as if he had just been comfortably landed from a passing boat, I

questioned him concerning the lost vessel. She was a large trading-steamer, he said, bound from Demerara to the port of London; her name, the Valparaiso; her captain one John Stetson, a good sailor, who had been killed by the falling of the foremast, and swept overboard. Her passage across the Atlantic had been smooth and pleasant; but the night before she had experienced all the strength of the great gale, and while contending with it had broken her propeller. After that, she had tried to lie to under sail, and had she found sea-room would doubtless have been able to weather the storm; but, as ill luck would have it, the rocks of Cornwall were right under her lee, and the wind and sea swept her down upon them.

I questioned him concerning that episode of the boat. He explained that two of the boats had been smashed into fragments when the ship first struck. The long-boat remained, and at daybreak, after the captain perished, the first officer, fancying that the ship was doomed, determined to make for shore. All the crew followed him but my informant and two others, who preferred sticking by the steamer to facing certain death. The men, in fact, were mad with fright and drink combined, and for this reason, perhaps, altogether forgot to wait for Madeline, who had gone below.

So the last boat left the ship. It had not gone far when Madeline reappeared. She would have been swept away but for the assistance of the sailors, who strapped her to the mast as the only chance of safety; and as she stood there terror-stricken, she saw the boat engulfed with all its crew—the same sad sight which we had seen from land.

It turned out, on further questioning, that Miss Graham was the only passenger, and occupied, with her coloured maid, the captain's own cabin. Her father, a rich Demerara planter, had died some months before she took passage, leaving her a great inheritance. I had no time to answer for myself the many questions which crowded upon my mind—Why Madeline had come to England? Whether she had relations surviving in the old country? Whether any living person, lover or friend, had the right to protect her? But I looked at her again, and thought how different she was from all the other women I had known, in her queenly grace and warmth of beauty. Beside her, even my cousin Annie would have looked coarse and common.

But there was no time to be lost, if she was to escape the consequences of that night's exposure. She was still dripping wet, and the morning air was bitterly cold.

"You must not stay here," I said, approaching her, "or you will catch your death. Do you think you can ascend the cliffs? My aunt's cottage is close by, and I should like to take you there at once."

She rose at once, shivering, and took my arm. Half leading, half supporting her, I guided her out of the boat-house and up the steep ascent leading to the summit of the crag, my uncle helping her upon the other side. Some of the others followed, leading the coloured girl.

It was a steep climb; and before we had gone far we found that her strength was failing her, so that we were compelled to raise her bodily in our arms; but she was light and fragile enough, and, for my own part, I could have carried her like a child.

Once on the summit, we rested again, while some of the men went in chase of a moor pony, one of several grazing on the moor hard by. When it was secured, and bridled and bitted with a stout rope, I lifted her upon it, and placed the black girl by her side; and thus, still holding her and walking by her side, while the men followed behind like a procession, I conducted her to our cottage, and handed her over to the care of my kind aunt.

Thus God, in a mysterious fashion, had restored to me the being who had been to me for so many years a sweet memory and a delightful vision. I felt strangely happy, yet troubled; unable yet to realise what had taken place. When my aunt had led Madeline to a chamber up stairs, where she tended her with motherly sympathy and tenderness, I sat in the kitchen, waiting and wondering, like one in a dream.

CHAPTER XIV.

A SUNBEAM IN THE COTTAGE.

It seemed as if the days of my boyhood had come back to me. Never since then had I experienced such feelings as now filled my heart, for with her fading they had faded, and during the years of our separation I had passed my time with tolerable tranquillity; but now that she had been so miraculously restored to me, the old fire was rekindled in my soul, and I became another man.

Her very presence in the house that night drove away all thoughts of sleep. I paced my room with restless footsteps, and when the dawn broke I hurried off to the shore.

What a change had come! The wind had died, the sea was like glass, and the only record left of the storm was the wreckage which was being cast upon the sands. Early as I was, there were others before me, gazing eagerly seaward, and searching along the cliffs for a prize.

I took a walk round by the mine, and, having made a hasty inspection, I hurried back to the cottage, eagerly hoping, yet half dreading, to see Madeline. But I was disappointed. My uncle had gone to his work. My aunt was busy, but alone. I looked round the kitchen, and my heart gave a great throb. After all, the events of the past night were real. There, hanging beside the fire, was the cloak—a rich mantle of silk and fur—which had been clinging round Madeline's form when I took her from the wreck.

I inquired eagerly for Madeline. "Have you seen her, aunt?" I asked. "Is she well? How does she look?"

I suppose there was something peculiar in my manner, for my aunt gazed at me curiously, and said,

"Who be she, Hugh? Dost know who she be?"

"Yes," I replied; "she is Miss Madeline Graham. She was at school with me long ago. Just before my father died she left, and I have never seen her since."

At that moment the door opened, and the figure of the black woman appeared. In the light of day she looked foreign indeed—a slight, delicate girl, shivering with the cold of our raw climate. I asked her how her mistress did. She made no answer, but stared vacantly at me; and I then discovered that she knew no language but the one in which she had spoken to Madeline. I looked at my aunt, and she understood—she went herself into the bed-room to see how her guest was getting on.

She was away only a few minutes, yet it seemed to me an hour. When she came back, she smiled at my anxious look.

"It be all right, lad, it be all right," she said. "The lady be awn the warse o' her wating; but she be tired, and will stawn in bed to-day. She be a pratty creature, Hugh, and rich, I darsay; for her fingers be covered wi' dawmond rings."

All that day, overcome by the fatigue through which she had passed, Madeline remained in her chamber; while I, utterly unable to work, hung like a restless spirit about the house. The next morning she awoke refreshed; and when we three sat at breakfast, she astonished us all by appearing amongst us, fully dressed, and looking bright and well.

Her advent caused a general exclamation; my aunt ran forward to her assistance; my uncle placed our most comfortable chair beside the fire; while I, dumb and powerless, stood in the background doing nothing. Madeline! Could this be Madeline?—the little girl I had dreamed of all these years, whose hands had been covered with my passionate kisses and marked with my tears, and who had even wept a little herself at parting with me; could this be the same?—this glorious creature, with dreamy black eyes, warm brown skin, and glorious black hair! Her form was tall and straight as a willow; she moved like a queen!

As all her own clothes had been lost in the wreck, she wore a dress of my aunt; over it she had thrown the cloak which she had worn on the wreck, and which was now thoroughly dried. She came forward languidly, leaning on the shoulder of her black attendant, and sank down into the chair which my uncle had placed for her, while the native began crying and kissing her hands. They spoke together in the foreign tongue; then Madeline raised her eyes and looked quietly around. All this while I had been standing in the background, longing, yet dreading to speak to her; for I saw clearly enough that to her all the past was forgotten; but now, as her eyes swept the room and finally rested with a look of recognition on my face, I felt the hot blood mount to my temples.

"Am I mistaken?" she asked, softly; "did you take me from the wreck?"

I bowed my head. In a moment all her languor disappeared, the old fire darted from her eyes, the old flush suffused her cheeks—she was the Madeline of my childhood once more. She looked at her hands, with one quick movement pulled off the most valuable of her rings, and held it towards me.

"Will you not take it?" she said, with a bright smile. "You saved my life."

Her whole manner was that of a lady speaking to an inferior. Under my excitement I hardly noticed it. Scarcely knowing what I did, I sprang forward and took the ring; then, eagerly kissing her hand, I placed it again upon her finger.

"Madeline," I said, "don't you know me? Madeline—Miss Graham!"

She looked at me more critically, and shook her head.

"Have you forgotten Munster's?" I said, "and Hugh Trelawney?"

If I expected a wild outburst of pleasure at the mention of my own name, I was quickly disappointed. She only smiled; and, with her eyes fixed upon vacancy as if she was reviewing the past, said,

"Munster's? Hugh Trelawney? Oh yes; of course I remember *now*! Hugh Trelawney was the nicest of those Munster boys, and we were friends; but," she added, fixing her eyes anxiously upon me, "surely *you* are not that boy?"

"Yes," I replied, "I am Hugh Trelawney!"

Her eyes opened wider, she glanced from me to my uncle and aunt, then round the kitchen, then she was silent.

I felt that some explanation was due to her, and I gave it. I told her of my father's death—of the kindness of my uncle and aunt, and of my subsequent life at St. Gurlott's.

"St. Gurlott's?" she said. "Is this St. Gurlott's in Cornwall?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Then I have an aunt living in a place of that name," she continued. "Perhaps you may know her: her name is Mrs. Redruth."

"Lawd a mussey! wha, that be our master's mother!" broke in my aunt. But I added,

"Are you sure it's the same, Miss Graham? This Mrs. Redruth has a son who owns the mine."

"Yes, I know—my cousin George!" she answered; while my heart misgave me at the familiar manner in which she mentioned the name. "Oh, it must be the same," she continued, enthusiastically; "and to think I should be shipwrecked here, of all places in the world! Mr. Trelawney, are they far away? Would it be possible to let them know that I am here?"

"It will be quite possible. Shall I take a message?"

"Will you be so kind? Perhaps if you tell her the story and show her this," she continued, drawing a quaint signet ring from her finger, "my aunt will come to me. This was my dear father's ring, and she knew it well, for he always wore it—and he had it on even when he died!"

I took the ring from her hand and started off on my mission.

The events of the last few hours had made me a changed being. I began to wonder if it was all real; whether I had really seen Madeline, and whether the one real romance of my life had been ruthlessly swept away. It was clear to me now that she thought little of the past, and cared for it even less. While I had been living upon the memory of those dear days, she had let other events obliterate it entirely from her mind. Well, it was clear I must do the same. I must deliver her up to the custody of her relations as coldly as if she were a stranger who had casually been cast in my path for a day.

Having made my decision, I became calmer, and walked with a steady step up to Redruth House. I inquired for the young master; learned that he had left for London two days before. I asked for the mistress, and she saw me. She listened to my story quietly enough; when I showed her the ring, her white face flushed, her hand trembled, and her eyes filled with tears.

"It is my brother's, my poor brother's," she said, more to herself than to me; then she added, "My niece is at your cottage, you say?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Tell her, I will come to her at once."

I left the house and, instead of returning to the cottage, walked straight down to the mine. Where was the use of my returning to Madeline: to stand by and see that grim and stony-hearted woman bring to her queenly eyes the light of happiness, to her lips the cry of joy, which the sight of my face had failed to do? No; such a sight might have roused all that was bad in my nature. I was better away.

All day I worked with a fierce persistence which alarmed me. I looked at myself in my mining suit, then recalled Madeline as I had seen her that morning—with her soft hands sparkling with gems, and the black servant crouching at her feet—and realised more than ever the distance that divided us from one another.

She was the mistress, born to command; I the servant, whose business it was to obey.

I returned home in the evening, and found the cottage much the same as it had always been. Madeline was gone.

"She be up at Redruth House, Hugh," said my aunt. "The awld missus came and took her away, and right glad she was to go, poor lass!"

She showed me a five-pound note which Madeline had given her, borrowing it from her aunt to do so. She put the note into an old work-box where most of her treasures were kept, and set about getting the tea, imagining that the romance of last night's wreck had ended.

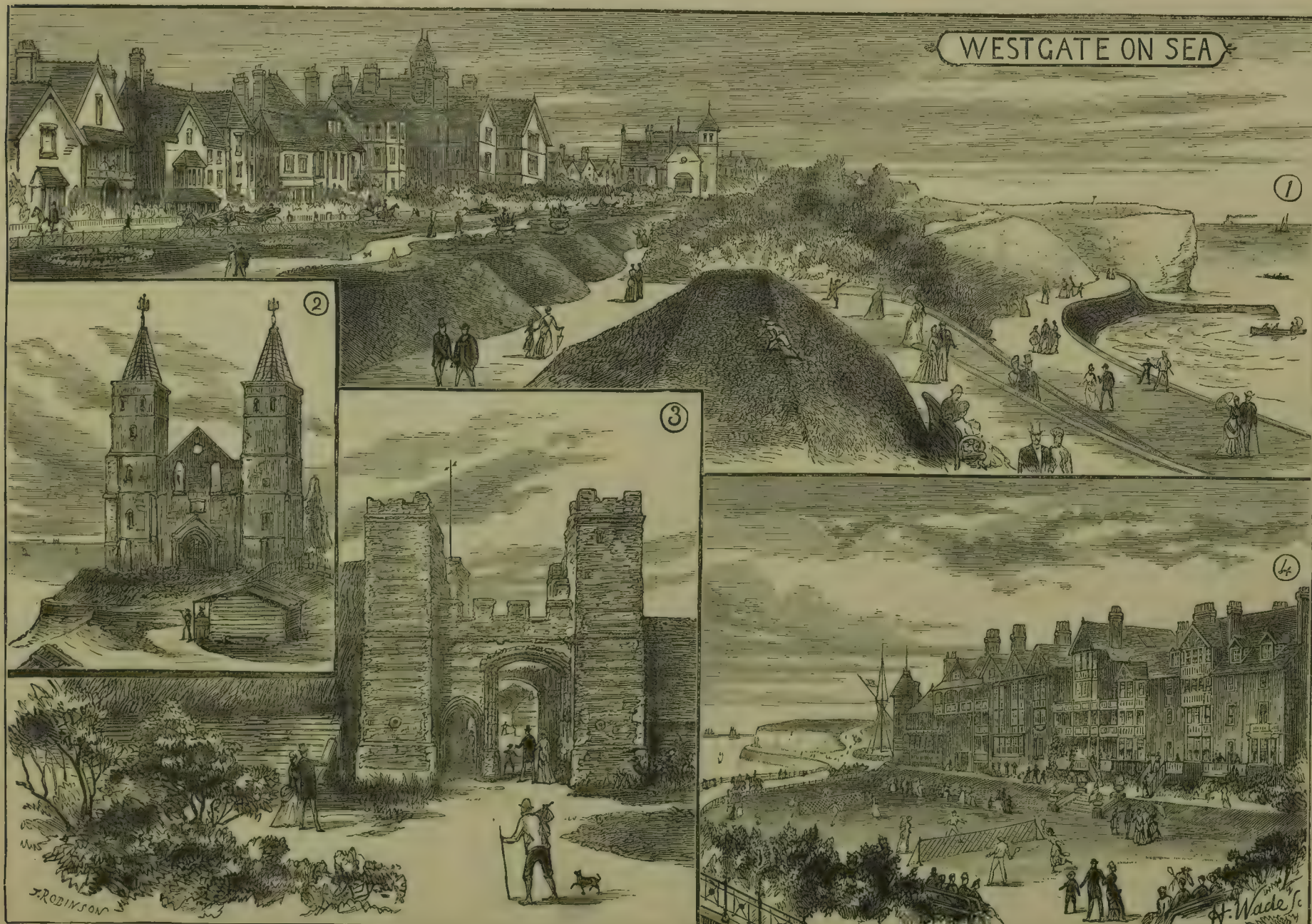
(To be continued.)



1. Ramsgate Sands, with Railway Station.

2. Residence of the late Sir Moses Montefiore.

3. Pegwell Bay, Ramsgate.



1. Westgate-on-Sea.

2. Reculvers Towers.

3. Ancient Gateway of Dandelion Castle.

4. St. Mildred's Hotel, Westgate.



THE ANSWER.—DRAWN BY MARCELLA WALKER.

THE ISLE OF THANET.

Thanet, round isle, by water compassed, reckoned—
Fertile and clean—to none on earth the second.

The scrap of indifferent Latin from which these lines, even more indifferently translated, may or not have been authentically antique; but it is rather difficult to decide. However, with the sentiment of them we are all ready to agree. From the days when the first befooled ladies and bewigged gentlemen first flew to Margate as a pleasure-haunt "to court the rosy nymph Hygeia, blest"—as a would-be Thanet poet would have it—the "eastern isle" has become more and more popular. *Eheu fugaces, &c.*! Of course some old-world Thanet pleasures have departed. No longer do ladies and gentlemen, as Robert Cruikshank showed them to us, disport themselves at the Ranelagh Gardens of St. Peter's or the Tivoli by the "Grange." Both these favourite haunts have come to an untimely end. The old castle of Dandelion, or Dent de Lion, was in the days of our grandfathers, when tea was drunk and the "rollicking bun" devoured. But to make amends for the vanished charms of the Dandelion Gardens, is there not Westgate-on-Sea, which has sprung from the cliffs a very flower of watering-places? But a few years ago, and naught stood to mark the present glories of Westgate but a flagstaff and a group of cottages. Then came down the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, then were trim bungalows built, then trim villas, then a smart picturesque promenade. Then, at last, the St. Mildred's, named after the "holy lady of Minster," gave a finishing touch to Westgate excellence, combining old English comfort and lawn-tennis with the light social joys of Etretat or Trouville. There is a look of snugness, too, about the red brick and eaves that one can never find in the glare of Continental white paint; a quiet carpet dance, and a moderate tariff: one cannot want much more. Westgate, patronised by an Empress and praised by one of the greatest scientists of the age, who fixed his abode there, is not likely to lose the favour it as already gained.

As to Margate as it now is, it is changed much for the better. It must be owned that, despite its being the "well-beloved" of the Kentish coast, with all its fun we could sometimes run the risk of being bored there. What though theatrical celebrities may be watching the children dancing on the Fort, what though the jetty may boast an extension, still could I do with more "cakes and ale." The Margate Marine Palace has supplied this want. On the promenade facing the sea one can breathe the ozone without being too roughly pushed about by a rough crowd or getting one's shoes filled with sand. One can, too, dine at the Palace, and dance, and swim, and listen to and look at a good entertainment. It is indeed a pleasing *mélange* of the Kursaal and the "Casino" of dance, song, and dining, that we only too often feel the want of. Stray memories of Rosendael, Ostend, and the Hague must needs come to mind when after watching the sun setting on distant Reculvers, grave of the Ethelberts, home of Raculi, or Roman Regulbium, one turns in for an hour or two *pour passer le temps* as best it can be passed. The swimming-baths, too, 120 ft. by 40 ft. for men, and 80 ft. by 40 ft. for the fairer sex, being most scientifically supplied each tide, are as pleasant as can be for a morning dip, and one can breakfast afterwards "à la Seine," only at a much more moderate rate. As to the baths, they are well looked after by the Beckwith family, Miss Agnes Beckwith being in attendance on the more timid sex. A good swim, a good lunch or dinner, a good evening's entertainment and a good dance afterwards, such can the Palace give us. With regard to old Margate romance, although the High-street has been much improved upon, still down in the Dane there is an old home remaining of the Kentish salts, who in their day run the perils of contraband, and slipped through the blockade of the "excise" no end of alcoholic treasure in the way of Dunkirk "pots" of brandy or of Flushing Geneva.

Now-a-days, a brisk walker might do worse than strike across from Margate, by Kingsgate Castle, to the North Foreland Light, and thence, leaving the coast line a bit, to Ramsgate. By the North Foreland the land slopes down in such sweeping curves to the sea, which, beyond the fading autumn stubble, reflects the "blue heavens' friendly smile," its calm surface being decked with snow-white cutter or rich brown-sailed barge. Indeed, that walk across to inland Minster, then round by Pegwell Bay into Ramsgate, ought not to frighten any one. The crisp cliffs of Pegwell, its long waste of sand at low tide, its shoals of shrimps and heaps of cockles, have not changed since the days of yore. Along the homeward road to Ramsgate one can pass nigh the crenulated roof tops of the mansion of the late Sir Moses Montefiore, the best of Thanet veterans. Ramsgate, with the "Graville" and the "Cliff," still holds its own. M. Jules Verne, great English dramatists, and the "Royal Yacht Club" still love its safe anchorage. The sands, even as in the days when Mr. Frith, R.A., painted them, are all that any child could wish for; the donkeys are there, the niggers are there, and honest fun still rules the roost. Indeed, the Isle of Thanet has in no wise changed for the worse, and its three gates of health—Margate, Ramsgate, and Westgate, show no signs of creaking on their hinges. Our illustrations of Margate will appear next week.

THE ANSWER.

This young lady sitting among the flowers at the window has received a letter, which she still holds in her hand. Its purport cannot be doubtful: we read it in the bright look of happiness on her face. The letter, which is a love-letter, has not come by post, like ordinary correspondence. It may not even have been delivered at the house-door to a servant, but may have ascended with the bouquet, by means of a string, from the garden below. Somebody is there waiting for an answer. It ought to content him if it be no more than the sign of a fluttering handkerchief, waved by a hand which he desires, with the accompanying heart, beyond all earthly treasures. The young lady is too discreet to show her countenance fully at the window, and it would be unsafe for her to speak a word. She may presently get pencil and paper, and write a little note, which the aforesaid Somebody will pick up on the lawn. In the meantime, he gets enough of an answer to make him quite as happy as he deserves to be. The artist has treated this subject gracefully, and the figure is very pleasing.

The agricultural statistics for Ireland for the year 1884 have been published. The area under crops compared with 1883 showed a decrease of 63,957 acres, 94,660 acres being under tillage, while there was an increase of 30,703 acres in meadow and clover. There was an increase of 761 acres under wood and plantations, and of 154,429 under grass. There was a decrease of 1183 acres under fallow, and of 90,050 acres under bogs, waste, and water. Compared with 1883, cereals showed a decrease of 79,072 acres, wheat having decreased 26,850 acres, oats by 33,460 acres, barley by 16,230 acres, bere and rye by 71 acres, and beans and peas by 2161 acres. In green crops there was a total decrease of 8870 acres, potatoes having decreased 7515 acres, turnips by 2768 acres, mangold and beetroot by 3404 acres, while cabbage increased by 3660 acres, and carrots and parsnips by 1155 acres. Flux showed a decrease of 6718 acres.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"King Theopis," written and composed by J. E. Webster, is a song of a robust character that may be made very effective by a singer possessing declamatory power. Messrs. R. Cocks and Co. are the publishers, as also of "Years Agone," a song by C. F. Hayward, in which good use is made of changes of measure and rhythm. From the same publishers we have "Nous Deux," a sprightly set of waltzes for the pianoforte, by E. De Valmencey.

"Florimel," a cantata for female voices, by the late Madame Sainton-Dolby, has recently been published, in a handy and inexpensive form, by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. This graceful composition has already been commented on in reference to its public performance by the students of the vocal academy that was so skillfully directed by the lamented composer. Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s excellent series of "Music Primers" has now reached twenty-five numbers, the latest being a treatise on "Musical Expression, Accents, Nuances, and Tempo, in Vocal and Instrumental Music." The original is by M. Mathis Lussy (of Stans, Switzerland); the English translation now referred to being from the competent hand of Miss M. E. Von Glehn, and containing the author's corrections and additions. Each of the nine chapters of which the work consists contains thoughtful matter worthy the attention of vocalists and instrumentalists; the remarks being copiously illustrated by apt musical quotations from the works of various composers. From the same publishers we have some pleasing "Songs of the Forest," by J. Kinross—being six melodious pieces for two voices—and a "Morning and Evening Service, together with the Office of the Holy Communion," set to music by B. Luard Selby. The music, which is chiefly choral, with incidental solos, will be acceptable both for public and for private use. "The Organist's Quarterly Journal" (published by the same firm) maintains its special character as a collection of original compositions for the king of instruments. Its editor (Dr. Spark, of Leeds), who is also an occasional contributor, is successful in procuring works, of more or less merit, from the most celebrated English and foreign organists of the day. The number for last month (part 77) contains pieces, in various forms, by Herren O. Dienel, of Berlin, and H. Katterfeldt, of Eppendorf, and Messrs. F. Tozer and E. Cutler.

Mr. Joseph Williams has recently issued handy editions of two oratorios, one by an English the other by a French composer. "Nehemiah," by Dr. Horace Hill, contains some effective writing for choral and solo voices, of which we may probably have to speak with the advantage of hearing it with orchestral accompaniments. The same may be said of "Mary Magdalen," by M. Massenet, the well-known composer of "Le Roi de Lahore" and "Manon." Mr. Joseph Williams publishes a "Manual of Harmony," by Lindsay Sloper, the eminent pianist, whose name is a guarantee for knowledge and careful treatment of the subject of his book, which consists of twenty-four lessons, in each of which valuable information is clearly conveyed, accompanied by musical examples. Mr. Williams also issues Mr. John Farmer's "Short Requiem," in the Tonic Sol-Fa notation.

"Rest-Day Songs for the Children" is the title of a set of four pleasing vocal pieces, in a simple and melodious style, composed by F. N. Löhrl, to words by Mary Mark Lemon. Messrs. Forsyth Brothers are the publishers; as also of a series of school songs for equal voices, in two and three parts, edited by F. N. Löhrl.

Ancient Netherlandish Music.—An interesting series of works by old composers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has just been published by the Amsterdam and Utrecht firms of Louis Roothaans, Brix Von Wahlberg, and Loman, Kirberger, and Van Kesteren. Three of the volumes contain psalms and madrigals by Jan Pieters Sweelinck, a great Dutch organist, born in 1562. Other portions of the series now referred to comprise the "Missa Fortuna Desperata" of Jacob Obrecht (his most celebrated work), and old Netherlandish songs by Adrianus Valerius. There is real musical as well as antiquarian interest in the contents of these volumes, which are well worthy the attention of collectors, as offering, in a neat form and at a low price, what it would otherwise be difficult and expensive to obtain. The music was lately given, with much effect, by the International Inventions Exhibition.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE CONGRESS.

The archaeologists' meeting at Derby was devoted on Tuesday week to a somewhat extended visit to the Peak country. The day was fine, though it threatened rain, and the journey by Midland Railway to Chapel-le-Frith, and the drive thence to Castleton, was effected without mishap or delay. The fine keep of the ancient castle on the hill, which gives its name to that place, was commented on by Mr. St. John Hope; and after a hasty visit to the parish church, with its Flemish painting and its late Norman chancel arch, the party drove on to Tideswell. Here they were able to inspect a church which is the pride of the Peak district, and has been styled its "Little Cathedral," and to admire the judicious character of its restorations, which have been carried out on strictly conservative lines. Its fine monuments were made the subject of comment by Baron De Cosson; and the party were entertained at tea at the vicarage by the Rev. S. Andrew. The return journey to Derby was made rather late, but the meeting was held notwithstanding.

On Wednesday the party went again by special train to Hassop, from which they made a long excursion by carriage to Padley Chapel, Hathersage, where they inspected the church and the fine earthworks, the Carl's Wark, and the ancient manor-house at North Lees, returning in the afternoon to Brookfield, to partake of the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield.

Arriving at Bakewell, they returned to Derby, and, at the concluding meeting, special votes of thanks were passed to the Mayor and Corporation of Derby; to the managers of the public free library, in whose rooms they had held their loan museum and their evening meetings for the reading of papers; to the noblemen, gentlemen, and clergymen who had so kindly thrown open their houses, libraries, galleries, and churches to their inspection; to the members of the local society who had assisted them in their expeditions; and to the Midland Railway, who had placed, on four different days, special trains at their disposal without extra charge. The meeting then broke up, and the congress was at an end.

Lord Northbrook presented on the 6th inst. the prizes gained by the cadets on board the Worcester, off Greenhithe, in the presence of a numerous and representative company. Her Majesty's gold medal for the boy likely to make the finest sailor was presented to Sidney Finch.

At the Inventions Exhibition on the 6th inst. a complimentary dinner was given by the members of the council to representatives of the railway companies, who had met in conference to settle the terms upon which the provincial excursion traffic should be regulated.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 23, 1878) of the Hon. Sir Adolphus Frederick Octavius Liddell, K.C.B., Q.C., D.L., Permanent Under Secretary of State for the Home Department, late of No. 49, Rutland-gate, who died on June 28 last, was proved on the 27th ult. by Adolphus George Charles Liddell, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £16,000. The testator makes up the portions of each of his four daughters, with what they will receive under his marriage settlement, to £8000; and there are some specific bequests. The residue of his personal estate he gives to his said son.

The will (dated April 19, 1883) of Sir William Mure Muir, K.C.B., M.D., formerly Director-General of the Army Medical Department, late of Oak Lodge, Blackheath Park, who died on June 2 last, was proved on the 20th ult. by General George Erskine and Major Walter Boyd, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £8000. The testator bequeaths £200, and all his jewellery, plate, books, furniture, articles of household use or ornament, horses and carriages, to his wife, Dame Rachel Stanley Muir. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for his son, Garnet Wolseley Muir.

The will (dated Oct. 2, 1884) of Sir Julius Benedict, late of No. 2, Manchester-square, who died on June 5 last, was proved on the 23rd ult. by Alberto Randeegger, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £6000. The testator bequeaths £500 and one third of his furniture and effects, as she shall choose, to his wife; the articles comprising the testimonial in silver presented to him at Dudley House to be equally divided between his wife, his son, Ernest Felix Julius Charles Benedict, and his daughter, Mrs. Maria Georgina Palgrave Simpson; and complimentary legacies to his executors. As to the residue of his property, he leaves one fourth, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children by her; one fourth, upon trust, for his said son, for life, and then for his son Charles Julius Bradford Benedict; one fourth to his said daughter, and one fourth, upon trust, for his grand-daughter, Emily Boulan. He confirms the settlement made on his marriage, and declares the provision made by his will for his wife and their children is in addition thereto.

The will (dated Sept. 8, 1883), with a codicil (dated Sept. 17 following), of Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Butler, late of Bury Lodge, Hambledon, in the county of Southampton, who died on June 25 last, was proved on the 21st ult. by Thomas Dacres Butler and the Rev. George Hew Butler, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £105,000. The testator gives to his wife, Mrs. Arabella Butler, £1000; a further £1000 on the death of Mrs. Frances Elizabeth Butler, the widow of his late cousin, George Stephen Butler; an annuity of £750, certain furniture and effects, and all his horses, carriages, live and dead stock, wines and consumable stores; £3000 to his son the Rev. George Hew Butler, on the death of Mrs. Francis Elizabeth Butler; £7000 each to his daughters, Arabella Fanny Hester and Eleanor Dora, also on the death of Mrs. Butler; £200 each to the Church Missionary Society and the Church Pastoral Aid Society, but the payment of one half thereof is postponed until the death of Mrs. F. E. Butler; £50 each to the Evangelical Society, Surrey-street, Strand, and the Hampshire Diocesan Society; and other legacies and annuities. Most of the foregoing legacies are to be paid out of the estate of his said cousin; and the residue of the freehold, leasehold, and personal estate of his late cousin he gives to his eldest son, Thomas Dacres Butler. His freehold and copyhold property in the parishes of Hambledon and Catherington, Southampton, he settles on his said son, Thomas Dacres, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, successively, in tail male. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 10, 1885), with a codicil (dated May 2 following), of Mr. William Cooper, late of Berkhamsted-Saint-Peter, Herts, manufacturing chemist, emery-grinder, and printer, who died on May 20 last, was proved on the 22nd ult. by Richard Powell Cooper and Herbert Henry Cooper, the nephews, and William Henry Hobson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £57,000. The testator leaves numerous and considerable legacies and annuities to his own and his late wife's relatives, persons in his employ, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said two nephews.

The will (dated March 31, 1876), with two codicils (dated March 31, 1876, and April 15, 1879), of Colonel William Leader Maberly, M.P., successively, for Westbury, Northampton, Shaftesbury, and Chatham, from 1819, with a short interval, to 1834, and for many years Secretary of the General Post Office, late of No. 23, Gloucester-place, Portman-square, who died on Feb. 6 last, was proved on the 24th ult. by General Evan Maberly, C.B., the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £52,000. The testator bequeaths his plate (including his testimonial), plated articles, household furniture and effects to his said brother; and several annuities. All his real estate he devises to the use of his said brother, for life, with remainder to his issue male, in succession; and the residue of his personal estate is to be laid out in the purchase of other real estate, to be subject to the same limitations.

The will (dated Nov. 2, 1883) of Mr. Henry Adams, late of No. 22, Holland-road, Brighton, who died on May 22 last, was proved on the 16th ult. by Henry Adams, the son, William Frederick Knight, and Robert Kersey, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £39,000. The testator bequeaths £2000, and his plate, books, pictures, furniture, household effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Ann Peppercorn Adams; and £16,000, upon trust, for his son, Henry, and his daughters, Mrs. Haddock, Mrs. Knight, and Miss Ellen Maud Adams. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife for life, but in the event of her marrying again, one moiety of the income is to be paid to her instead; subject thereto, the residue is to go to his said four children.

The will (dated Feb. 22, 1884), with a codicil (dated Dec. 15 following), of Mr. George Fortescue Wilbraham, late of Delamere House, Cheshire, who died on April 27 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by Roger William Wilbraham, the brother, and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £11,000. The testator leaves to his wife, Mrs. Ellen Wilbraham, £200, and the wines, furniture, and effects at his house, Bankside, Staines, and she is to have the use of the said house for life; to Mrs. Mary Wilbraham, the widow of his late brother Henry, Mrs. Julia Catherine Wilbraham, the widow of his late brother Thomas Edward, and to his brother Hugh, £1000 each; and legacies to his agent, the housekeeper at his chambers, servants, gardeners, and labourers. The furniture, plate, pictures, vases, and other articles at the mansion, Delamere House, are to go and be enjoyed as heirlooms therewith. The residue of his property he gives to his said brother Roger William.

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3 ft. IRON FRENCH, from 10s. 6d.
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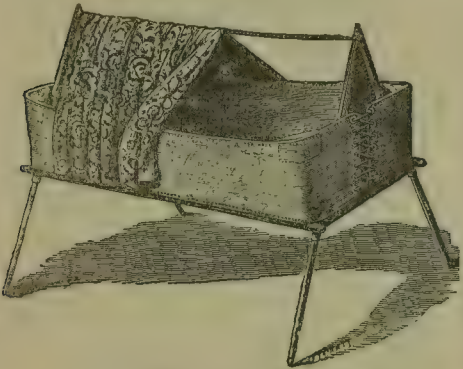
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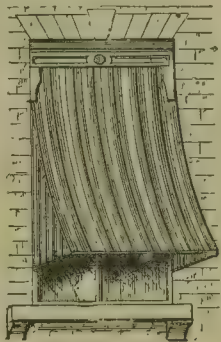
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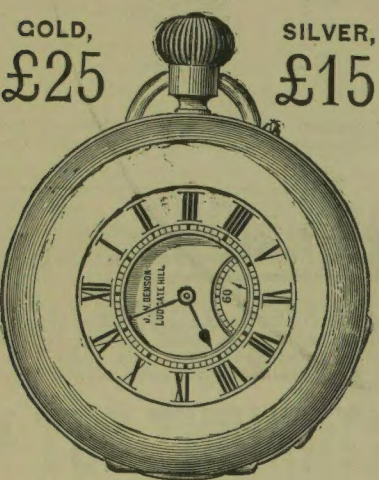
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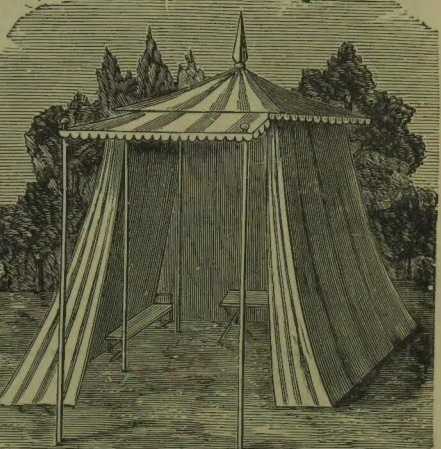
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HERAT.

We are favoured with some original Sketches of Herat by Major Holdich, R.E., head of the Survey Department of the Afghan Boundary Commission, and Captain Peacocke, R.E., another officer of that department, who were sent by General Sir Peter Lumsden, with Colonel C. E. Stewart, Assistant Boundary Commissioner, to visit that city. It had not previously been visited by any British officer for several years past. Colonel Stewart and the officers accompanying him were received by the Afghans with great honour, and lodged in the Ameer's palace: they remained at Herat five days.

The city of Herat, the capital of Western Afghanistan, is situated in the upper valley of the Heri-Rud, which extends from east to west between the Safed-Koh and Siah-Koh ranges (the White and the Black Mountains), where the river flows from the highlands of Hazara towards Ghorian and Kuhsan, on the Persian frontier. The valley expands into a plain sixteen miles wide, richly cultivated by the aid of numerous artificial canals of irrigation, and presenting an agreeable scene, with many villages and hamlets, and with corn-fields, orchards, vineyards, and gardens in every direction. The city is placed about two miles from the river, and four miles from the mountains on the north side. Captain Peacocke's Drawing shows a general view of the city, looking southward, with the gates and forts on its northern face, the Arg or citadel elevated above the other buildings, and several Burghs or towers on the walls. The city wall, as may be plainly seen in this view, rises from the top of a ridge or mound of earth, which is 40 ft. high, with a moat outside and inside; the wall itself is from 25 ft. to 30 ft. high. The form of the city is a quadrangle, two sides measuring 1600 yards, and the other two 1400 yards; it is divided into four quarters by straight lines of street, which, towards the central bazaar, the "Char-Sue," are partially covered with brick arches, and contain a variety of shops. Near the Char-Sue, which is covered with a high dome, is the Char-Bagh, a sort of barrack that serves for the Governor's residence, and for the soldiers of his guard. The Arg or citadel is built on a mound within the north wall of the town; it has massive towers of brick, and is surrounded by a moat and rampart. Most of the houses in the city have domed roofs of dried clay, but do not exceed two storeys in height. The principal mosque, the Musjid-i-Juma, built in the thirteenth century, is of vast size, 465 ft. long and 275 ft. wide, with six doors, 130 windows, and 414 pillars; its costly decorations of sculpture, gilding, and mosaic have long since been stripped off. The population of Herat is thought now not much to exceed 30,000, of mixed races, Aimaks, Tajiks, Jamsheedies, Persians, Turkomans, and Usbeg Tartars, with a few Jews and Hindoos, besides the Afghan lords of the country. They have some manufactures and trade in leather, silk, carpets, fur cloaks, and caps, metal, and earthenware. The four Sketches by Major Holdich represent the Citadel, viewed from within the city; the Malik Gate; the long bridge over the Heri-Rud, called the Pul-i-Malun; and the ruins of the Masulla, the mosque and sepulchre of Sultan Hussein Mirza Bairam, who died in 1498, with the tomb also of his predecessor, Shah Rukh. The Masulla, as is shown in Captain Peacocke's general view of Herat, stands a mile outside the city, and there has been a question of demolishing what remains of it, lest it should give cover to an enemy besieging Herat. This would be a pity, as it must have been one of the most beautiful edifices of its kind in Asia. Three or four only of its twenty minarets are yet standing. The buildings formed cloisters around a court 100 yards square, adorned with exquisite mosaics of floral and fantastic designs; at the upper end is a large circular hall, surmounted by a dome lined with blue and gilt glazed tiles.

Herat was a magnificent city about seven hundred years ago, when it is said to have contained 144,000 houses, 12,000 shops, 350 colleges, schools, and convents, hospitals, public gardens, caravanserais, and baths, for an immense multitude of visitors. Its commercial prosperity was maintained under successive Mohammedan foreign dynasties—the Seljukian, Turks, the Sultans of Khiva, the Ghorian Princes, the Tartars from the time of Tamerlane, and the Mogul Emperors of India. The antiquity of Herat is of far more remote extent; it was visited by Alexander the Great with his Macedonian army in 327 B.C., and had been a town of the prehistoric Aryan nation. In 1510 it was conquered by the Shah of Persia, who, belonging to the Shiah sect of Mussulmans, punished the Heratees for their adherence to the Sunni creed by taking away their lucrative trade, and creating a mercantile rival at Meshed. But this would in any case have been a natural result of the decay of the old cities of Southern Persia, and the removal of the capital to Teheran. The former importance and wealth of Herat depended on its position as a commercial entrepôt between the Turkish and Tartar cities north of the Oxus, Bokhara, and Samarcand; the empire of India, and the ancient Persian cities of Shiraz and Ispahan, with the ports of the Persian Gulf. Since 1717, when it was seized by the barbarous Afghan highlanders, it has been in a very depressed and decayed condition, going from bad to worse. Persia has made repeated attempts to recover possession of Herat; it was captured by Nadir Shah in 1731, and was besieged by the Persians in 1838, when a young English officer, Lieutenant Eldred Pottinger, successfully directed its defence; and again in 1856, when the Persians gained the mastery, but were compelled to relinquish it by the British expedition to the Persian Gulf. Different factions and rival princes of the Afghans have established, at one time or another, independent rule at Herat. In 1863, it was besieged and retaken by Dost Mohammed of Cabul. In 1880, during our last Afghan war, it was seized by Ayoub Khan, who soon led an army to attack the British position at Candahar, defeating a British Indian force on his way at Maiwand or Kushk-i-Nakhud, but was afterwards repulsed by General Sir F. Roberts. The distance from Herat to Candahar is 369 miles, by a tolerably easy route through Subzewar and Furrah, crossing the Helmund at Girishk. On the north side, Herat is protected in some degree by the hills of the Barkhut and Kaito ranges, with passes leading to the country of Badghis, the Kushk and Murgab, and the lower course of the Heri-Rud. But it is easily approached from the west, through the Persian territory of Khorassan. The fortifications of the city might be strengthened, but could hardly resist modern siege artillery; and its defence against a powerful regular army, making use of the approach through Persian territory, would seem to be hopeless. No opinion of a military authority, however, upon this interesting question has yet been made public.

The Cobden Club silver medal for political economy at the London International College has been awarded to Percy Holden Illingworth, brother of a former winner, and nephew of Mr. Illingworth, M.P.

The chapel adjoining Kettwell Convalescent Home, Swanley, Kent, erected at the expense of Mr. E. Homan, of Finchley, has been enriched with stained-glass windows, from the studios of Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Bayne, of Garrick-street. The home, which is in connection with St. Bartholomew's Hospital, was opened by the Prince of Wales.

IRISH INDUSTRIES.

The draught of a preliminary report prepared by Sir Eardley Wilmot, as chairman of the Select Committee on Irish Industries, has been prepared. The Committee find that the manufacturing and productive industries of Ireland are at the present time, with the single exception of the linen trade, in a most unsatisfactory and deplorable condition. While unable to offer, in the present incomplete stage of their inquiry, any specific recommendations, the Committee call attention to the important evidence submitted to them, which seems to point to the necessity of early legislation on the subject.

Among others, they mention the subject of technical education (on which there was a remarkable unanimity of opinion among all the witnesses), not only as regards agriculture and dairy farming and as regards other industries, but also with a view to open the minds of the youth of both sexes to the advantages and importance of industrial pursuits. The Committee are of opinion that the system of technical education in force in some European countries should be made a prominent subject of inquiry hereafter.

The Committee have, upon the evidence already received by them, come to the conclusion that the questions connected with railway and canal communication, especially involving the transit of goods and a revision of the present tariff of charges, are most vital to the interests and due development of Irish trade and commerce. They are, moreover, of opinion that Ireland is inadequately provided with railway accommodation, and that this is one of the first wants that ought to be supplied.

The draught report also deals with the questions of arterial drainage and of forestry, and they give it as their opinion that the flax trade is capable of considerable extension. They observe with regret that the importation of foreign flax is largely increasing, and are of opinion that the plant might again, as formerly, be profitably grown in the south and west of Ireland.

In conclusion, the Committee strongly urge upon the House the appointment of a similar Committee at the earliest possible period next year, as they entertain a sanguine hope that further prosecution of the present inquiry will be attended with national benefit.

The Earl of Aberdeen has been presented with the freedom of the city of Edinburgh, in recognition of his hospitality while discharging the office of Lord High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland on several occasions.

The Trinity Law Sittings ended on Wednesday, when the Judges rose for the Long Vacation, and the courts will not be reopened again for the transaction of general business until Saturday, Oct. 24, when the Michaelmas sittings begin.

The silver medal of the National Life-boat Institution has been conferred at Lerwick on a Montrose fisherman who, during thirty-three years' service with a life-boat crew, had taken part in saving 300 lives.

The number of liverymen of the seventy-five City companies who claim to be entitled to vote in Parliamentary elections is, we learn from the *City Press*, 7651, against 7712 last year. Seventeen companies show the same numbers as last year. The Loriners' Company heads the list with 425, while the lowest is the Carmen, with five voters.

The School Board for London had several discussions on the 6th inst. as to the day on which the triennial election should take place. Ultimately, Monday, Nov. 2, was fixed upon. The debate on school pressure was resumed, and the recommendations of the special committee, except one, were agreed to. It was arranged to memorialise the Education Department on the question. The Board adjourned till Oct. 8.

The annual Welsh sheep-dog trials took place at Vivod Park, Llangollen, on the 6th inst., under the presidency of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, M.P. There was a large attendance. There was a large and keen competition in the Cambrian Stakes, which were open to the world. The chief prize was ultimately taken by Waddy, belonging to Mr. James Ewart, Eglavysseg, Llangollen.

The emigration returns for the last month show that in July 17,802 emigrants of British origin left our shores, as compared with 21,707 in July, 1884. The emigrants to the United States were 11,354, as compared with 13,060 in July, 1884; to Canada, 2697, against 3742; to Australasia, 3020, as compared with 4091. In the seven months of the present year the numbers were 124,236, as compared with 150,571 in the corresponding period of last year. The English were 70,468, and in 1884 were 85,304; the Scotch, 12,810, and in 1884, 13,764; and the Irish, 40,958, and in 1884, 51,503. The totals in the seven months were—in 1885, 84,453 to the United States, 13,646 to Canada, 20,926 to Australasia; and in 1884, to the United States, 95,281; to Canada, 23,223; and to Australasia, 26,689.

The following resolution was recently passed by the Court of the Salters' Company:—"That the Court of the Salters' Company, being informed of the need of increased funds to enable the City and Guilds of London Institute to maintain in efficiency the various branches of work for the advancement of technical education to which the confederated Companies are pledged, hereby agrees to raise its annual subscription to the institute from £525 to £1000, payable in moiety during the pleasure of the Court in the months of May and November, and that the Lord Mayor, as Master, be requested to signify the same to the late Lord Chancellor Selborne and Sir Frederick Bramwell, vice-presidents, chairman of the council, and chairman of the executive committee respectively, adding an expression of the gratitude which the Salters' Company feel for the signal services which they have rendered to the interests of technical education, and of the Livery Companies, in helping and directing the combined efforts of the City and guilds of London in associating art and science with the furtherance of industrial progress."

The annual prize-meeting of the London Rifle Brigade was brought to a successful close on the 6th inst. The chief event of the meeting was the contest for the gold medal. The shooting was of an excellent character throughout, the winner turning up in Private Elkington, who has been to the front in nearly every competition during the meeting. The commanding officer's prize was gained by Private Desmond. The records for the skirmishing competition showed results of a character which have never been equalled. Sergeant Burton, who fired in a violent rain-storm, succeeded in putting on fifteen bull's-eyes and seven outers, a total of 74 points, a score which has never been surpassed at the prize-meetings of the London Rifle Brigade. For this he wins the cup, value £21, given by the Broad-street Ward. In the second skirmishing competition, Sergeant Beard was declared the winner of the first prize of £10, given by the Worshipful Company of Ironmongers, Quartermaster Stuckey winning the second prize. For the Permanent Staff competition, Sergeant-Major Gowling, in seven shots at 200, 500, and 600 yards, made 64 points; Sergeant-Instructor Grainger, 61; and Sergeant Frier, 57. The highest scores for the grand aggregate prizes are as follows:—Private Elkington, 284; Private Desmond, 269; Private Siegert, 268; Private Carew, 263; Corporal Hancock, 262; and Private Ridgway, 262.

BY RAIL IN SPAIN.

Many years after Wellington and his army had won their slow and toilsome way through Spain, a description of what travelling would become before the end of the century in that "feudal realm of old romance" would have seemed as far beyond the bounds of probability as any of its tales of giantry and enchantment. Yet to-day the wandering Briton may view from the cushions of a railway carriage places immortalised on the most stirring pages of his country's history, and may visit at his ease antique cities which, a few years ago, were accessible only to the wealthy or to the zealous scholar or artist.

Thirty-six hours after leaving Paris, the mail-train approaches Madrid in the early morning. Cramped and chilled, we shake ourselves up to look out upon the dreariest of landscapes. On both sides of the line the country is bare, dry, and stony; even the ubiquitous olive-trees give place here to wind-blown pines. The only sign of inhabitants is a string of brown-cloaked peasants, riding on brown donkeys along a brown track. In some parts large boulders are thickly strewn, as if they had been hurled in some battle between the giants of old. On such a hillside, on our left, a massive grey building comes into view, and presently the train stops at a small station. It is El Escorial, the famous palace of Philip II. In size, style, and situation it is just what one would expect of the powerful but gloomy Monarch who reared it.

The railway from Madrid to Lisbon traverses the battlefield of Talavera, a flat plain between two ranges of hills. With the help of "Murray," we recognise easily the French position along the eastern heights, and the stream that protected their front. In the opposite direction are the low hills from behind which the Iron Duke launched his columns on the foe, and yonder, on one of them, is the little tower whence he directed the battle. After a long halt in the station, the train moves onward; but we still gaze on this historic ground where rest the bones of 6000 Britons; and not until it has faded from view do we address ourselves to a lunch of bread and goats-milk cheese, obtained at Talavera, the produce, doubtless, of fields fertilized with so much gore.

After passing Badajoz, going south, the train winds along the opposite bank of the Guadiana, and we get a panoramic view of the old grey town, clustering round its cathedral, and encircled by bastions and ditches. Reposing so peacefully in the morning sun, it is difficult to picture this scene of battle and siege which it has been for centuries, culminating in that night of horror, the 6th of April, 1812. Towards noon we reach the ancient city of Merida. An aqueduct built by the Romans still bridges the valley to the north, its arches, tier above tier, having been repaired by the Moors and spared by all subsequent invaders. It is now disused, and some of the arches have been removed to make room for the railway station. Whilst the train makes its usual long halt we examine through our binoculars the admirable masonry, surviving by 2000 years the hands that shaped it. Along the mouldering top are numerous nests of storks, their owners standing by them, like tall and motionless sentinels. Before sunset, our engine is toiling up the western slopes of the Sierra Morena, through a region of collieries and iron furnaces, like our own Black Country on a small scale. South of Cordoba, we get a view of the trim vineyards of Montilla, and our binoculars are frequently brought to bear upon ruined castles on the hill-tops, relics of the old warfare between Spaniard and Moor. The branch line to Granada winds through a rocky district, and past several towns half-ruined by the recent earthquakes. Almond-bushes are planted as hedges for miles, and are scattered on the hillsides, sometimes in considerable groves. Passing through these, in full bloom, we are absorbed in the beauty of the sight, until another remarkable view breaks upon us—the peaks of the Sierra Nevada, with their everlasting snow glistening in the sun.

Steaming leisurely northwards through La Mancha, the train stops for twenty minutes at a rural station. Beyond a pea-soup coloured river, on an arid hillside, treeless, except for a few thirsty-looking olives, a collection of brownish-grey houses cluster round a brownish-grey church. The moorlands and low summits of the Sierra Morena form the background. We require only the figures of a gaunt horseman and of a pudgy rustic on a donkey coming down the dusty road to realise the opening scene of "Don Quixote." Here the arrival of the train is the event of the day; and, this being a fine Sunday evening, all the village world is on the platform. A group of seniors, each with his *capa* hanging from his shoulders, converse with the *padre*; two or three bearded men have come to meet another bearded man, whom they pat on the back and kiss when he descends from the train; some youths are still more effusive in their leave-taking of a comrade; three blooming damsels promenade arm-in-arm, chatting gaily, and all wearing the national mantilla—incomparably more becoming than the French millinery now in vogue with their sisters of the towns. Two armed policemen pace gravely up and down, never separate, never laying aside their loaded rifles, and speaking to nobody. They are tall, soldierlike men, as are all the Guardia Civile, an admirably organised force, which secures peace and order throughout Spain. They are the only non-smokers—every other male within sight is puffing the inevitable cigarette.

The Huerta of Valencia extends from the sea to the mountains, a level plain of surpassing fertility, cultivated like a garden, and irrigated from time immemorial. On both sides of the railway, groves of orange-trees laden with fruit realise to our northern eyes the fabled gardens of the Hesperides. This favoured region is now suffering more severely from cholera than any other part of Spain. Farther on the line follows the coast, and north of Barcelona the carriages have open platforms at each end, where one can enjoy the air and see everything that is to be seen. At many coast towns and fishing villages the rails are laid on the beach between the houses and the sea, without any fence, and as the train moves slowly past, the daily home-life of the place is before us. Where the shore is steep, the railway is scarpd along the rocks, and the waves of the Mediterranean break almost under our carriage. Far away to the left rise the mountains of Catalonia, their deep colours deepening towards sunset, and as we approach the Pyrenees the scenery on both sides changes to wooded or rocky glens.

The locomotives are mostly of French and Belgian make; none are built in Spain; but the chief companies maintain repairing-shops. The carriages are German or Swiss. The first-class compartments are roomy and comfortable; the second are not so good as the corresponding class in England; as for the third, a foreign traveller will find it best to leave them to their usual occupants. The gradients are sometimes rather steep, especially on the recently constructed lines, and a nervous passenger had better not look at the slender bridges of iron lattice-work. The permanent-way consists almost everywhere of a single line of rails, which, however, is ample for the traffic. On most lines there is only one train each way daily, which conveys goods as well as passengers, and stops at every station. The average speed is therefore far from rapid, except on certain main lines, where there is an *express*, but a little experience of Spanish travel away from the rail reconciles one to the slowest train.

W. L.

Herat-Rail.

Burg Abul Mianur.

Kushk Gate and Outwork.

Burg Kurram Beg.

Kutub Chak Gate.

Part of Arg (Citadel).

Arg-i-Naw and Malik Gate.

Burg Feda Khan.

Koh Dozhak.

The Masulla.

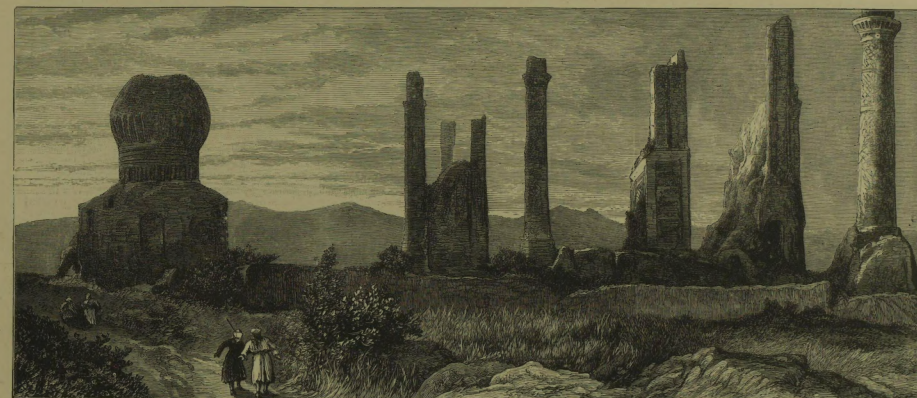


Road to Farrah and Candahar.

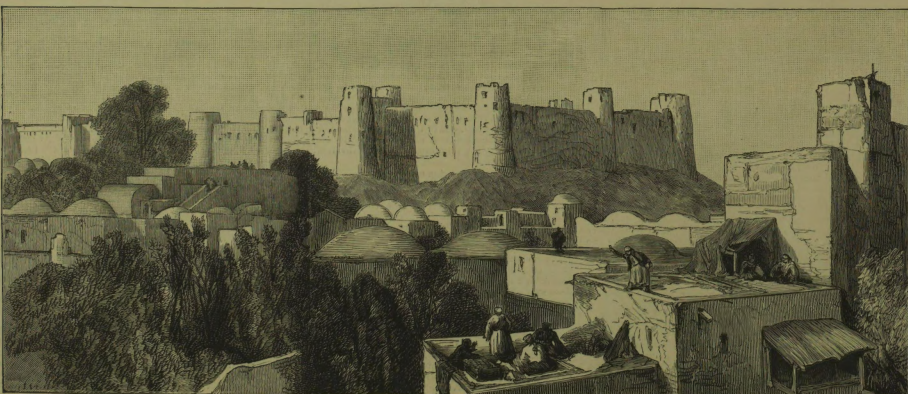
GENERAL VIEW OF HERAT, LOOKING SOUTH-WEST.—FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN PEACOCKE, R.E.



THE PUL-I-MALUN.—FROM A SKETCH BY MAJOR HOLDICH, R.E.



THE MASULLA AND TOMB OF SULTAN SHAH RUKH.—SKETCH BY MAJOR HOLDICH, R.E.



THE OLD CITADEL, FROM THE CITY.—SKETCH BY MAJOR HOLDICH, R.E.



THE MALIK GATE.—SKETCH BY MAJOR HOLDICH, R.E.

SKETCHES OF HERAT, BY MAJOR HOLDICH, R.E., AND CAPTAIN PEACOCKE, R.E., OFFICERS OF THE SURVEY DEPARTMENT, AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

NEW BOOKS.

A new and probably young writer, taking the name of "Rowland Grey," but evidently a lady of fine original talent, produced last year a small volume of which we felt bound to speak with very sincere praise. "In Sunny Switzerland" has justified our favourable opinion by its decided success with the public, having quickly won the deserved honours of a second edition, which is ornamented with two beautiful vignette portraits. These drawings, the voluntary contribution of an artist who liked the story as we did, Mr. W. Shaw Sparrow, represent, with much truth of ideal character, the two girls, Verna and Eleanor, whose contrasted fortunes in love, and in their domestic situation, were developed by the author with such power and delicate feminine sympathy as to gain the hearts of a multitude of gentle readers. The good taste and good sense by which this simple tale is agreeably pervaded, the briskness and evenness of the narrative, and the keen perception of social varieties of ordinary English life, as well as the happy description of interesting places and scenes, could not fail to earn a literary success. Another volume, of corresponding size, entitled *Lindenblumen, and other Stories*, has now been issued by the same publishers, Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. Upon this occasion, we are obliged in candour to make one signal exception to the general approval fully merited by Rowland Grey's performances in authorship. The particular story, called "Lindenblumen," one of five in the new volume, is not only unworthy of being printed with the others, but is one that was not, by itself, in our judgment, at all worth printing, much less of giving its title to the publication. Its conception is singularly unreal and inharmonious, its tone is melodramatic, the combination of motives and sentiments in the hero, Adrien De Valroix, utterly impossible, and the incidents and actions strangely compounded, for an eighteenth-century tale, of the false romanticism wrongly ascribed to the Middle Ages, and an overstrained notion of the Roman Catholic religion. The other four new stories, however, are so very good, dealing as they do with the real aspects of modern life, and with the natural play of human affections under circumstances distinctly present to the clever author's experience and observation of society, that we confidently predict a still greater success for this volume, and we hope for many of her future writings. "The Antwerp Postman" is one of the best pieces of genuine humour, of apt invention, and lifelike representation of foreign manners and habits, that any of our countrywomen have written since that inimitable story, "The Sacristan's Household," by Mrs. Frances Eleanor Trollope, with which story alone it may in these respects be compared. It is a capital idea to make the derelictions of the lunatic old postman, who has surreptitiously kept back from delivery a number of private letters, the obscure cause of much confusion and misunderstanding in the mutual relations of different groups of persons; but the main stream of humorous effect, rising to the height of true comedy, is in the characters of Mademoiselle Fanchon, the selfish and shrewish shopwoman; of Caspar, the slow-witted hotel-porter, who becomes her hen-pecked husband; and of her sister and brother-in-law. "The Antwerp Postman" is so excellent in quality and so heartily enjoyable that it more than atones for the glaring faults of "Lindenblumen"; and the other tales in this volume are decidedly effective. "Madame Rebelle" has rare dramatic power within a small compass of plot, the heroine being a French lady, who receives two Prussian officers at her chateau near Paris during the siege in 1870, one of whom, misled by her fascinations, is persuaded to carry for her a message that leads to his death. "The Doctor's Mascotte" is a very touching little story of a child-patient who rewards the attendant of her dying days with a boon of happiness for his after-life. "The White Rose," a slight sketch rather than a tale, reveals an old experience of manly affection in the heart of a veteran officer killed in the Soudan War. These are tales which we can entirely recommend; and their brevity only might be regretted, if the impression they leave were not so perfect, and if the author's peculiar faculty of relating a whole life-history in a few pages were not so rare as it is among writers of fiction in our time.

The English sportsman of the keener class does not consider his experience to be complete and crowned until it has brought down the elephant, rhinoceros, buffalo, tiger, boar, deer, and, perchance, the bear of India. Old Anglo-Indians capable of giving an opinion upon the matter say that there is no country in the world in which a man who is prepared to break away from railways and common roads, and to go into camp on his own account, can travel in such comfort and at such small expense as in the various provinces of India. So thinks Colonel Kinloch, of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, who, in *Large Game Shooting* (Thacker, Spink, and Co., Calcutta), shows how heavy bags are to be made in Tibet, the Himalayas, and Northern India. The gallant officer has been upon the hunters' path for at least twenty years, and, we should imagine, has pursued his sport under peculiarly advantageous (and also under the most trying) circumstances. Yet he is not thoroughly happy. The catalogue of animals that have fallen to his rifle and gun is of the first class. It comprises tiger, panther, and lynx; three varieties of wolf, with a wild dog thrown in; two kinds of bear; elephant, rhinoceros, and buffalo; gaur, yak, and nilgao; six descriptions of deer, besides gazelles, antelopes, and sundries. But, alas! the melancholy confession has to be made that six species still remain before the tale is a full one, and we notice that in the list of "wanted" is the ounce or snow leopard, a specimen of which, for the first time, has, during the present year, been added to the collection in the Zoological Society's Gardens. Colonel Kinloch still lives in hopes of shooting this small and handsome cat, and of adding to his trophies the clouded leopard, the striped hyena, the Indian black bear, the Javan or Sunderbun rhinoceros, the pigmy hog, and the swamp-deer. In two of his expeditions into Tibet he was accompanied by his wife: the lady crossed some of the highest passes of the Himalayas, and upon a large portion of the journey in Tibet rode a yak, which, if more slow, is a more surefooted animal than a pony. The fact is mentioned as an encouragement to ladies, who like adventure and are able to rough it somewhat, to accompany their husbands on their sporting excursions. Colonel Kinloch's book is intensely practical, and therefore of great value to the sportsman. The countries, the peoples, and the productions—animal, vegetable, and mineral—necessary to mention, are used primarily to point the sportsman's moral and adorn the shikari's tale. Such a book, offering in an attractive form the concentrated knowledge acquired during a life-time of travel, and teeming with advice as to guns, ammunition, woodcraft, and expedients of camping, might well be entitled "The Shooting of Large Game made Easy." The author, we are glad to see, has a passing shot at the would-be sportsmen who go out to India with portentous equipments and a huge flourish of trumpets, and who shirk the hard work and privation incidental to honest jungle-work, and employ the shikaris to fill their game-bags; and he very properly condemns the payment of wages in the shape of guns and ammunition that will inevitably be used to destroy game during the winter. These persons are pothunters in soul, though the object of their acquisition may be kin, horns, or hoof, rather than flesh; and they exist now, henceforth, and, we fear, for ever,

in all branches of sport. "Large Game Shooting" is illustrated by photo-gravures. The heads and skins are by this method, of course, accurately figured, but of necessity the illustrations have much of the formality of lay-figures. The photo-gravures are representations of set-up heads and horns only, and very clearly they come out. By the general reader, we cannot help thinking, a drawing of the whole animal, with some suggestions of its haunts and habits in the surroundings, would have been preferred.

The latest volume of the Vere Foster Water-Colour books is Mr. W. J. Loftie's *Treatise on Illuminating* (London, Blackie and Son), which fully keeps up the reputation already acquired by this series, intended to convey practical instruction to art students. The sketch of the art of illuminating prefixed to the instructions necessary for its pursuit is brief, but sufficiently clear. It is probably to the Irish monks of the sixth century that we owe the revival of an art which is rather traceable to an Oriental than to an European source, as the tendency to Arabesque ornament in their productions seems to point; and this appears predominant from the facsimile of exquisite designs from the "Book of Kells," now in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, a manuscript of the four Gospels in Latin, attributed to the ninth century. Certain it is, however, that about this time a rival school had sprung up in the south of England, by which Anglo-Saxon illumination was brought to the high degree of perfection shown in the Utrecht Psalter (eleventh century) and other contemporary works. For a while there was a decadence in the art, during the period of the Danish and Norman invasions; but with more quiet times the art revived, and the Scriptorium of St. Albans, which dates from the early part of the thirteenth century, marks the highest pitch reached by English art. Meanwhile, on the Continent, the monasteries of Italy, France, and especially in the Low Countries, were producing works more or less tinged with local feeling—Psalters, Books of Hours, transcripts of portions of the Bible, were chiefly chosen for illumination. Miniatures, some the full size of the page, were introduced, and in them we can trace the origin and gradual progress, not only of religious, but even of landscape painting. It was especially in the Netherlands that the tendency towards Nature was most marked; and the flowers and foliage, as may be seen in Mr. Loftie's well-selected examples, display at an early date the desire to be free from the conventionalism which bound French and Italian illuminators. By the end of the sixteenth century their art was practically extinct, except so far as heraldry was concerned; and in manuscripts relating thereto, shields and scutcheons replace the borders and initials which decorated psalters and missals. Mr. Loftie's instructions to those who would endeavour to revive a lost art are plain and easy to follow, by such as have taste and perseverance; but the great obstacle to overcome is the temptation to imitate the works of others rather than to attempt to originate. It must not be forgotten that the "monks of old," to whom we owe the masterpieces of illumination, had unlimited time at their disposal, and did not hesitate to devote years of a secluded life to what, to them, was congenial work, as well as a religious duty. Too much praise cannot be given to the printers of Mr. Loftie's really sumptuous volume for the brilliancy and delicacy with which they have reproduced the colours and designs of the original works; Mr. Loftie's share in expounding these, and in pointing out the lessons they should convey to students, deserves the highest commendation, as do also his plain directions as to the materials to be employed and the means of turning them to the best account.

The "exculpatory note" which stands as a sort of preface to *The Poets' Beasts*: by Phil Robinson (Chatto and Windus), cannot be allowed to have much force, if it be admitted that exculpation was necessary. The "note," indeed, is an excellent example of the liberties which popular literary favourites take with an indulgent public. The writer asserts (and there is no intention here of confirming or of gainsaying his assertion) that "the later and unrevised pages of this volume" will be found to teem with "errata and repetitions"; and his excuse is that he had to leave England for the Soudan at short notice, and could not finish the correction of proofs. This is very ingenious; as if a man were at liberty to leave one duty undone because he is hastily summoned to undertake another. If correction of the proof-sheets were necessary, it is quite plain that, as there was no immediate call (save from the publishers' point of view) for the volume, the author ought to have waited until he came back from the Soudan, or ought to have postponed his departure, or ought to have declined to undertake the second duty. But, of course, by proceeding in this way, a man might lose advantages—which is not to be thought of, when a short "note of exculpation" will set everything right with a good-humoured public. At the same time, it is "rather cool" to deal in this manner with long-suffering patrons. As for the book itself, it is a good enough, pleasant book of its kind, full of the half-learned half-humorous remarks for which the author is so well known. He gossips in his easy, fluent, agreeable style about various beasts that have come in for more or less notice, favourable or unfavourable, indicative of knowledge or ignorance, of familiarity or unfamiliarity, of prepossession or prejudice, in the works of ancient and modern poets; and he has made up a volume which, though a little wearisome to read through continuously, is just the sort of work that one likes to dip into from time to time, as one would dip into Burton's "Anatomy," and that sets one thinking, remembering, referring, and—what is most profitable of all—arguing with oneself and comparing notes with one's friends and acquaintance. Most of us will agree with the author that, whatever view may be taken by the moral or the athletic philosopher, the lion for his presence alone is entitled to be called the king of beasts; for, though he may be an impostor in some respects, yet there are authorities who maintain that imposture, imposing externals, must be considered as belonging to the very essence of royalty.

The Print-Room at the British Museum will be closed until Oct. 3, so that the collection may be removed into the new wing of the museum.

The quarterly court of governors of the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton, was held on the 6th inst., at the hospital, Mr. T. P. Beckwith in the chair. From the report of the committee of management, read by the secretary, Mr. Dobbin, it appeared that the whole of the 321 beds in the two buildings had continued occupied. The committee had been encouraged by the receipt of many new subscriptions and donations. Among these, grateful mention was made of a further generous gift of £250 "instead of a legacy," from Mr. and Mrs. V. Edwards. Notwithstanding the very acceptable help thus received, liberal and continued assistance is indispensable for the support of this large and unendowed hospital. Considerable outlay will be needed shortly in the periodical cleaning and repairs (this time to the new building), as well as costly external works. The following legacies have been announced:—Mrs. Allen, for the "Rose Fund," £100; Mrs. Douglas, £200; Mr. F. Teesdale, £500; and Miss Eld, £10 10s.

NOVELS.

Madmen and their fancies are always interesting, and a madman it is who supplies the mainspring of the work, a clever and well written one (though it is American, with the heart-breaking American orthography), entitled *Doctor Grattan*: by William A. Hammond (Richard Bentley and Son). This madman, however, is not Doctor Grattan, who is the titular hero of the story, a fine but not very original or uncommon character (in fiction), a man of great physical and moral and of moderate intellectual strength, a model of manliness, virtue, and integrity, a muscular Christian, though a Christian independent of sects and dogmas, combining powerful limbs with a tender heart, and, as is often the case (in fiction) with such men, a little too apt to act the part of a good-natured bully, and to commit assault and battery freely, and, strange to say, with perfect impunity: the madman is this blameless doctor's extraordinary patient and excellent friend. The scene is laid chiefly in a humble, unfrequented village of New York State, with the very characteristic American name of Plato, where the doctor, by virtue of his muscle, by his power of healing, and of administering nauseous drugs and mustard-plasters to grievous offenders when the whirligig of time or fortune puts their stomachs at his mercy, and by his moral influence, reigns almost supreme, and whither the madman, who is an amiable, a cultivated, and not at all dangerous lunatic, possessed, as he gives out and as there is good reason to believe, of fabulous wealth in the form of dollars by the five or six millions, comes to reside for the sake of peace and quietness. With him comes his only daughter, his only child, motherless, lovely, charming, lovable. She, too, it is credibly stated, is already possessed of dollars by the million, besides the almost certainty of inheriting her father's still more numerous millions. It must not be supposed that the madman appears from the first in that character: on the contrary, there is to the very last a doubt about his madness, and the way in which that doubt is kept up to the end, or almost to the end, is highly creditable to the skill of the author. The main question is whether the doctor's accomplished patient, who has nothing whatever of the ruffian about him but a skull and cross-bones tattooed on his arm, which is no more than might happen to a Royal Prince of seafaring experience, or to a "nobleman" and "claimant," or even to Dr. Grattan himself (who of course has been a medical student), can be believed or not when he charges himself with having committed fearful crimes, and has or has not injustice done him when the gossips of the village denounce him as a sanguinary pirate-captain. Perhaps his history may be a warning to ladies and gentlemen who undertake to translate works from the Spanish or other languages without reflecting that such work, especially if they do it for the scanty pay they will obtain for it, is likely to soften their brains and turn their heads until they as firmly believe that they themselves committed all the crimes of their heroes and heroines (even to a general massacre of publishers) as, it is said, the Prince Regent believed (appealing to the Duke of Wellington himself for confirmation, which of course was not forthcoming) that he had personally led a charge of cavalry at the battle of Waterloo. Now, the madman, as has been mentioned, has a daughter; so has the doctor, who is a widower. What more natural than that the two daughters should become friends, and that the bereaved doctor, being not much more than twenty years older than the madman's daughter, should fall madly in love with her? To make a regular *partie carrée*, the madman should, no doubt, fall madly in love with the doctor's daughter (who is a gem of womanhood, though rather pert and flippant than the example of wit and cleverness she is evidently intended to be): but there are objections to this obvious course, as the madman has to die, and it is therefore absolutely necessary to introduce a young gentleman, break his thigh in two places, call in the doctor, and let the doctor's daughter take pity on the patient, with the usual consequences. The doctor, having thus got rid of his "encumbrance," has to be relieved from the scruples he feels in his noble soul about marrying, with his small means, a beautiful being with so many millions of money; and how his relief is effected is admirably described and well worth reading. The story is of a superior kind, but the author will write "chaperone" (p. 234) and "perspicuity" (p. 174), when it is evidently "perspicacity" that is meant. This is the more curious, because the author is so very particular in other cases, using "decedent" instead of "deceased," when reference is made to a time at which the person spoken of after death as "the deceased" was only "moribund."

The Waters of Hercules, by E. D. Gerard (Blackwood and Sons), is a novel of considerable power. The scenes where the events of greatest importance take place are new in the pages of a novel; and although the framework of the story is slight, the interest of it is maintained throughout. The heroine, after her refusal of a thoroughly noble man's love, finds she has missed that which alone can make the happiness of her life complete; and Gretchen's growing interest in Dr. Komers is slowly and naturally developed. What with the legend, the prologue, and the appearance of the maidens and youths of the story proper, introductions are many, and might be cavilled at; but they are unavoidable, and Miss Gerard, who has won for herself words and opinions of gold, has in nowise forfeited these in the volumes under notice. The humour of many passages is irresistible—notably where Ascelinde's ignorance is described, and the task Herr Mohr so voluntarily undertakes of instructing her "how to restrain the Danube from watering indiscriminately all the kingdoms of Europe"; also the voyage of the typical Englishman up the Danube, where, by his unremitting study of his guide-book, he just misses each point of interest and the memorable dance in the Cursalon. Elsewhere, the humour is in touches—the Marchese acting as lay-figure, Kurt's first interview with Mr. Howard, and Ascelinde's first view of the real Draskócs. The fate of István Tolnay, the brilliant, flippant man of fashion, taking things lightly, and, unless thwarted, letting them go as lightly, is too tragic to be perfectly artistic; at the same time, the author understands his temperament, and analyses it most successfully, nowhere better than during his important interview with the Princess Tryphosa; but his funeral pyre is too magnificent. Although no one of the dramatis personæ in "The Waters of Hercules" reaches a very high standard, each is evidently a separate and careful study of character, and Kurt, Mr. Howard, Gretchen, and Belita are distinct with individual idiosyncrasies. The two chapters dealing with the excursion to the cave are admirable; and the scene when the wild retreat is reached is decidedly dramatic, the description of its wondrous beauty fine, and the interest great. As for the Gaura Dracului, which plays such an important part in so many lives, embosomed in dense and almost impenetrable forests, it is invested with a weird atmosphere of superstition; and it returns, after a blaze of light from a mighty bonfire, to its black unfathomable gloom.

Mr. Arthur Collins, Q.C., has accepted the post of Lord Chief Justice of Madras.